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You know how earnestly we have sought to maintain the most cordial relations with our sister republics to the south. Our national policies have furnished an opportunity for their development, secure in independence and in humanity from foreign intrigue. All know, except those among us who unfortunately suffer from mental indigestion and are unable to assimilate facts, and those who find pleasure in libeling their country, that we have cherished no imperialistic designs and desire to see all our neighbors strong and just, with unimpaired sovereignty and constantly increasing prosperity.

THUS Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, before the National Conference on Social Work on May 16—the same Charles E. Hughes who advised all his Republican friends to vote for Mr. Harding as the surest way of getting the United States into the League of Nations. The above statement is further proof of the rapid descent of an erstwhile excellent governor of New York and honest justice of the Supreme Court. The United States without imperialist designs? Our sister republics "secure in independence"? Let Cuba, Haiti, Nicaragua, Panama, Colombia, Mexico, Bolivia, Guatemala reply! No, this is neither truth nor fact. What we see here is another man of good instincts ruined by office and ambition, stooping to the most familiar trick of the cheapest politician—charging libeling of their country against those of his fellow-citizens who believe in human rights in foreign affairs as against property rights, and trying to whitewash a bad national record with a general denial which proves nothing. Not only are our neighbors unsafe with Mr. Hughes in sole charge of our foreign affairs, but we ourselves as well.

ANDREW BONAR LAW'S platform of "tranquillity" seemed like a rather grim jest during his brief and troubled term of office, but the memory of this quiet, tired helmsman would have seemed very restful if Lord Curzon had taken control of the British steering-wheel. For Curzon is an international bully of the type which makes Britain hated in all quarters. While Bonar Law was ill Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office succeeded in embroiling England with Turkey once more, let Greece and Turkey come to the very verge of war, encouraged France in her rampage in the Ruhr, and dispatched a note to Soviet Russia which in other days would have meant certain war. That the Russians have proved him mistaken on half a dozen essential points of his argument makes no difference to him; he is a "prestige-diplomat" who, once committed, refuses to retire. Mr. Baldwin, the new Prime Minister, is relatively new as politician and as diplomat, but his conduct of British finances and his negotiations in refunding the debt to the United States have marked him as a matter-of-fact, hard-working man, a much better type for England today than the more distinguished Curzon.

MEANWHILE British capital continues its steady course unconcerned by the passing shifts of men in office. The Chicago *Tribune* reports that a British syndicate has bought the last outstanding shares of the Bagdad Railway from the Zurich bank which held the old German interests. This is the capstone of an arch upon which British interests have been working for a quarter century. European diplomacy for fifteen years before the war concerned itself daily with this strategic railway through the heart of Turkey and Mesopotamia. Russia and Britain almost broke their alliance because of the threat it seemed to offer to the Russian advance into Persia and about the Black Sea. England won a free hand in the matter of the railway by giving Russia carte blanche to oust Morgan Shuster, the American who was too successfully rehabilitating Persia's finances, only to find herself blocked by powerful German interests. The German-British conflict was settled by an agreement initiated by the British Foreign Secretary and the German Ambassador in London only a few weeks before the outbreak of the war. That compromise went into the discard, but French capital next sought a share in the spoils. Now a conflict with the Chester concession threatens to set British and American interests at loggerheads. Confused dispatches, however, report that British interests have bought into this, too. It is a dirty business, this concession-mongering; the governments ought to keep their fingers out of it, and let the profit-seekers burn theirs.

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IT is an extraordinary thing that it took a debate in the House of Commons to give the slightest relief to the inhabitants of the Sarre valley. The Government of this coal-producing German valley was, by the Treaty of Versailles, "intrusted to a commission representing the League of Nations" and appointed by it. In practice this has meant government by France. French currency was introduced in 1921; French was taught in the schools; and, in flagrant violation of the express provisions of the treaty, French troops were brought in as police. Protests rained upon the League in vain. The supposed Sarrois member of the governing commission proved to be a French agent; the League sustained him. In March the commission had the audacity to promulgate a decree punishing, by imprisonment for not more than five years and a fine of 10,000 francs or less, mere criticism of the Treaty of Versailles or its signatories, of the League or its members, or of members or officials of the governing commission. This decree, of which Mr. Asquith said "one might search the annals of despotism in the worst days of Russia without finding a more monstrous specimen of despotic legislation," was of course denounced. The League Council listened to the complaints—and did nothing. Not until after the debate in the Commons was the decree revoked. Is it any wonder that Mr. Asquith called the decree "by far the greatest blow that had been struck at the moral authority of the League of Nations since it was established"? Is it any wonder that Americans resent being asked to join this League in the names of peace and justice?

THE American correspondents who were in Russia during the recent trials rightly complain of the censorship exercised by the Soviet Government. However slight—it is reported virtually non-existent today—it is foolish. It may stop some false and prejudiced dispatches (the Russians say they censor only misstatements, though the correspondents insist they have gone further) but it cannot stop lying and prejudice about Russia. The knowledge of its existence increases the readiness of the outside world to believe the palpable nonsense cabled by such yellow journalists as Francis McCullagh of the New York *Herald*. The Soviet Government will be less injured by the biased reports of a few prejudiced correspondents in Moscow than by a general suspicion that Moscow does not let any but friendly reports go over the wires.

GOVERNOR PREUS has proved himself a cautious statesman. In view of the doubt as to the right of a Minnesota governor to appoint the new United States Senator from that State he has determined to hold the office which he has—at least until the political skies clear. A governorship in the hand, he doubtless says to himself, is worth two senatorships in the bush. The will of the people which, until he discovered the possible flaw in his title, summoned him to the Senate, now bids him sit tight. Meanwhile the liberal Farmer-Labor forces will have to watch out: the old guard is sure to nominate a goodly number of near-liberals in an attempt to confuse the issue. It knows full well how stirring an effect the election of an outspoken farmer like Magnus Johnson, a man of the Shipstead-La Follette type, would have. Meanwhile Governor Sweet of Colorado, perhaps embarrassed by too much advice, has appointed a thoroughgoing conservative, not to say reactionary, to fill the vacant senatorial seat from that State. Alva Adams has the virtue of making his position clear; he does not camouflage his platform with liberalism. But from Governor Sweet we had expected some recognition of the importance of the economic issues before the American people. Honesty is not enough.

WISCONSIN, at least, has learned a lesson from 1918. She has taken counsel and said, "In time of peace, prepare for—*peace*." Her Assembly has gone on record as defining an "outstanding American" as one who "had the courage during the hysteria and war-madness to stand up and defend the ideals and splendid traditions of the founders of the republic regarding equality of opportunity and the rights of freedom of religion, free press, free speech, and peaceable assemblage, the keystone and guaranty of free institutions." That same body has flatly charged that "during the late war, which was waged under the pretense of making the world safe for democracy, the constitutional guaranties of freedom of speech, press, and peaceable assemblage were flagrantly violated by certain officials and judges," and has demanded that those who "have thus done violence to free government, be held up to the scorn of all law-abiding men and that wherever possible they be impeached, removed from office, and punished according to law." Wisconsin has gone further than stating her position in resolutions. Its Senate has agreed with Governor Blaine and the joint finance committee that the National Guard appropriation shall be cut from $600,000 to $255,000 annually. Finally, by a vote of 18 to 7, the Senate has followed the Assembly in abolishing compulsory military training at the University of Wisconsin. No man should be forced to learn how to kill other men in the name of education.

THEY sometimes say a lot—more, perhaps, than they realize. For instance:

Elbert H. Gary, chairman, United States Steel Corporation: "I am not finding fault with the newspapers or with any editor. . . . I am under personal obligations to every one of them."

Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in an interview with the United Press, suggests a method of selective immigration. "Plant managers, under Mr. Grace's plans, would apply to the government for permission to fill their unskilled labor requirements in Europe. . . . Mr. Grace said: *'It would eliminate the competitive bidding among plants for labor.'* "

Charles B. Warren, American commissioner negotiating with Mexico: "There can be no compromise with those fundamental principles essential to *international business*."

Will Rogers, before the National Association of Manufacturers: "I see Harding is going to make a tour and doesn't know what to talk about. I would like to advise him in my little way what the people of this country are interested in, see? It is not any international court and it ain't any League of Nations and all that junk. The people in this country want to know: Is Valentino going to be allowed to go and make pictures any more? Where are we going to park our cars? Who is the latest dancing champion and how many hours did she dance? Can Willard whip this Firpo? Those are the things this country is interested in right now."

LAWS, laws, laws! More laws! Still more laws! Bad laws, needless laws, conflicting laws, unintelligible laws, unenforceable laws, unconstitutional laws, laws that nobody approves, laws that nobody ever heard of!—doubtless a sprinkling of necessary and constructive laws. More than

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200,000 measures—Federal, State, city, town, and county—are passed annually in the United States, according to an estimate of the National Budget Committee, while some 2,000,000 are in effect as a result of past performances. Congress and the State legislatures alone pass an average of 10,000 laws a year. The last Congress received more than 15,000 bills and enacted some 500 of them into law. A policeman in one of our large cities needs a working knowledge of at least 15,000 statutes, it is said, if he is to do his work intelligently. Our national passion seems to be to pass a law and then forget it, violate it, or upset it in the courts. Law-making is a kind of moral fireworks, mistaken by many for morality itself. Then, too, the separation in this country between the legislative and the executive branches leaves many hundred men with nothing to do except pass laws. How dam this appalling flood? The spread of the commission form of government among our cities and the tendency of the States to regulate more through administrative bodies than through specific laws may help. For the rest we shall have to wait, apparently, until the burden bends our back to a point where, willy-nilly, it slides off.

AFTER the Clark University Library dropped its subscription to *The Nation*, the *Survey*, and the *New Republic*, a group of graduates subscribed to *The Nation* for the library. But *The Nation* was not put on the library shelves; it was segregated into the students' assembly room. "The rule of the Clark library is that current literature not having to do directly with the research work of the university will not be received," said President Atwood, according to the Worcester *Gazette*. "I have received notice of the subscription to *The Nation*. It will be placed in the students' union room. But it cannot be made a part of the library work under the rules." On the library shelves lie current files of *Punch*, of the *Illustrated London News*, of *L'Illustration*, of the Samoa *Times*, of *Harper's*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's*. To bar *The Nation*, which is used as source material in scores of college classes, while filing these magazines, on the ground that the library has room only for research material, is nonsense. President Atwood does not like *The Nation*, and does not want it around. He ought to have the honesty and courage to say so. Perhaps his lack of those qualities is one reason why there were only sixteen subfreshmen visitors on Subfreshmen Day at Clark this year; there used to be more than a hundred.

IT may be that the war in Ireland has "entered a new stage," as the military experts put it. The editor of the London *Spectator* vouches for the genuineness of the following epistle from an Irish cook:

> My Lady: We've had stirring times here. Since you left, the National Army came and took possession of the house. The Irregular Army attacked them. The battle lasted until five o'clock. The Irregulars were defeated. Afterwards I showed the armies round the garden. They specially admired your ladyship's antirrhinums. I regret to say they went down to the village and got drunk, and two of the Irregulars came back and got drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Thursday, and as I am sure it would be your ladyship's wish I am sending a wreath of antirrhinums.

We hope the story is not mere British propaganda. But the use of the word antirrhinums is suspicious internal evidence. An Irish cook, like an editor of *The Nation*, would have written "snapdragons."

JUSTICE FORD of the "Clean Books League" has no intention of abandoning the war-path. He and his organization intend to "marshal moral sentiment" and, by that easy and well-known manner of intimidating ignorant and opportunist politicians, force through the legislature of next year a bill that will render the practice of literature impossible in the State of New York. This would be farcical if it were not of such quite deadly seriousness. The supineness of those who, in every sense, live by literature, is astonishing and alarming. The Authors' League of America is concerned with the improvement of the movies. That is literally jigging while Rome burns. The Society of American Dramatists and Composers has not been heard from. The Publishers' Association and the Booksellers' Association have been conspicuous by silence and absence. A single publisher, Mr. Horace B. Liveright, labored and sweated for his brethren in Albany. The menace is real; it is grave. We earnestly call upon all the organizations we have mentioned to oppose to this "rousing of moral sentimen" the rousing of the intelligence and the respect for freedom which were once considered specifically American.

OUR contemporary, the *Evening Post*, is wholeheartedly with us in this matter. But in a recent editorial it writes: "Justice Ford's second wave of attack will be easier to break up if the publishers' lists show a little less of the kind of 'literature' whose resemblance to the Bible and Shakespeare is really not very striking." That is, quite involuntarily of course, playing into the enemy's hands. No reputable American publisher has, to our knowledge, published a book in recent years that was merely salacious. Against whom, as a matter of fact, has the outcry of the passing season been raised? Against smutty periodicals? Against cheap and dangerous pseudo-scientific sex-books? It has been raised against D. H. Lawrence, Arthur Schnitzler, Sholom Asch, Sherwood Anderson. These writers differ widely in eminence. But if Americans are not free to produce literature in the spirit of these men, we might as well throw the whole effort of civilization to the dogs and be content to join those dumb empires of antiquity whose only memorials are crumbling stones in a yellow desert.

DONE is the concert season, and we are thrown on our own resources until fall for our music. The grand pianist has gone to Europe or to Bar Harbor for a diverting July. It is the time of the upright pianist. The upright pianist—there is no grandeur about him. His fingers are clumsy and his feet have been trained for the pedal by pressing accelerator or clutch. He has no more than the love of music and reverence for it. But these are the qualities of his uprightness, and they certify him before the gods. We have no sympathy with those fastidious souls who cannot bear to hear upon the keys any but the fingers of the grand pianist. As a matter of fact we feel most certain that in point of genuine feeling the upright pianist has more to commend him. For the lofty one plays sometimes for the reason only that thus he makes his living. And as between hearing an arpeggio gracefully touched by one who is bored doing it, and hearing an arpeggio run off by one who finds beauty and prayer in what he is trying to do, we should almost always prefer the latter. We shall be glad when the grand pianist returns. But we shall still be able to thank the upright pianist for what have been, in the course of years, some of our finest hours of music.

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They Who Save the Republic

A CALIFORNIAN speaks: Three cheers for Los Angeles, say I. It knows what it's about. That go-getter American city has rounded up 400 of the striking I.W.W. longshoremen and penned them up in a stockade. Serve 'em right, the brutes! They've got to know where they get off and who rules the Pacific Coast. Nothing wrong about little old Los Angeles, eh? Its folks got the drop on those no-account agitators some time ago when the Better America Federation and the Merchant and Manufacturers' Association, as the 100 per cent Los Angeles business men call themselves, put over that anti-syndicalism law so you can run anybody to jail that's got a red I.W.W. card in his pocket. There's thirty of them in San Quentin prison now, three-fourths right out of Los Angeles. Fifty-three in California jails all told, with from one to twenty-eight years to serve. You don't have to make any charges against the fellows, and they don't have to have committed any crime. It is easy as rolling off a log: Got a red card? Yes? Member of the Wobblies? Yes? Well, ten years in San Quentin for yours! That's the way to fix *that* kind of a gang. Can you beat it?

Well, of course, there's some kickers. There's that trouble-maker, Upton Sinclair. He tried to start off a radical meeting by saying something about free speech and the American way, and when his meeting opened he pulled a copy of the Constitution and began reading Article I. Now, he didn't get anywhere with *that!* The cops just took him off the platform for a breach of the peace and the court bound him over for trial. You can always beat that crowd to it, especially when they try to hide behind the Constitution and talk about the liberty it gives them. *Liberty?* Why, the judges know how to answer that. They sit up and look wise over their spectacles and say it isn't liberty that is at stake, but license is the question—how the crowd does fall for that! The mayor knew how to play the game: "Too many come here," said he, "to talk about their constitutional rights. They forget their constitutional duties." Wasn't that *nifty?* It just sounds as if that meant something! Then the chief of police took his cue: "If Sinclair," said he, very gravely, "felt that any city law or ordinance invaded his rights he should have proceeded against it in a legal manner, obtaining an injunction restraining the police from enforcing it before he invaded strike territory and attempted to stir up the radical element." Now, who could put over anything neater than that? You can count on our boys in office every time.

But all of California's virtue and patriotism isn't to be found in Los Angeles. Six men went to trial at Eureka for being criminal syndicalists on May 21 and three at Fresno; four have been held at Santa Ana under bond, and six at San Bernardino—they arrest them first there and indict them afterwards. Yreka tries three soon and Oroville four on May 31—all part of the sixty now on trial. Who says they aren't standing by the old flag in California? Then there's Bonners Ferry, Idaho, which deserves the gold medal. There is a stickler of a judge there who thinks that law has got something to do with cleaning up these United States, so a jury of his let off thirty-six wobblies charged with unlawful assembly. Did the 100 per cent Americans stand for that? No, sir; "one hundred leading business men and one hundred veteran employes of the Bonners Ferry Lumber Company resolved themselves into a permanent citizens' committee to combat the I.W.W." They worked it so well that they had fifty of the mob deputized as special officers by J. D. Foster of Boise, "personal representative of the State law enforcement bureau." So these State law-enforcers went down to the hotels and lodging-houses and enforced their own laws by rounding up twenty-five I.W.W., who were taken in trucks ten miles northeast, unloaded on the highway, and told never to come back. But that wasn't enough for these I.W.W., for they had the nerve to camp at the Katka watertank on the Great Northern Railway, to picket the town, and announce that they were going to boycott it. Think of the brass of those strikers trying to hurt the good name of Bonners Ferry like that! Have we Americans got to stand for anything like that? Not on your life.

In a printed statement they told some yarn about being deprived of their belongings, "hustled into autos, and carried to a point on the railway east of town, and told to 'get the hell down the track and not come back.' This pleasant goodby was accompanied by a flourish of fists and automatic pistols that reached the limits of profanity and indecency. Our old friends the State constable and the town marshal were present, but they stood aside for rougher men to officiate. We were told repeatedly that we were not dealing with the law now." Then they actually tried to put this over:

> Citizens of Bonners Ferry: If you wish to know how we feel in this matter imagine yourselves in our place. Are you surprised that we have declared a general boycott on your town and its places of business? Do you see why your town, of all the towns of Idaho, was selected for this favorable mention? This act was not of our choosing, and we sought to avoid it. You have challenged our manhood and our citizenship, and this is our answer. We are engaged in a long and bitter struggle to raise our status to the status of property-owners. In that struggle our steadfast aim shall be to observe the rights of all men and to keep our hands unspotted from the violation of law; and our appeal will always be to the mind and conscience of the American people. But also in that struggle all who are not willing to take a stand for us must be counted against us. But to show that we are not acting from a motive of revenge, that we are still willing to "bury the hatchet," we extend the offer to lift this boycott in favor of any elements of your town who are willing to take a stand against these acts of lawlessness of which we complain.

Smooth, rather? Almost as good as that stuff of the Los Angeles chief of police? Oh, but it don't go down. All this talk about acts of lawlessness don't get those fellows anywhere. This country was built on force and the chaps that have got the force, political and material, are going to run it. Those who don't like it will have to go. This here Republic is going to be saved if we break every law to do it, make the Constitution a back-number, and run everybody out of the country who don't like the way things are being handled right now. All this talk about the bill of rights, and making the world safe for democracy, and the Declaration of Independence makes me *sick.* We're here and we can deliver the goods, and no immigrants or hoboes or friends of the Pope are going to tell us anything about our business. We're the majority—ain't we?—and we've got the punch. You watch California keep on showing 'em!

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In the Name of Democracy and Self-Determination

News of Germany:

BERLIN, May 14 (Special to Chicago *Tribune*).—Before the war 1,200 Germans took their own lives every year. Today 80,000 is the yearly toll of self-slain. A close investigation reveals that most suicides were among the elderly. Grief, poverty, business failures, and difficulties of life under the changed conditions are variously given as the chief causes.

BERLIN, May 12.—According to an official statement of Dr. Otto von Glasenapp, vice-president of the Reichsbank, the French seizures of German money, plus the amount of their known counterfeiting of notes, has now reached the sum of 47,215,000,000 paper marks.

The French courts martial have thus far passed sentences aggregating 1,123 years upon Germans since the occupation.

BERLIN, May 8.—An official statement of the German Red Cross just issued contains the following facts:

Only 69 per cent of the children last graduated from the Frankfort-on-the-Main schools are physically fit to accept employment.

In Cologne 14 per cent of the school children suffered from rickets in 1921; in 1922, a year later, the percentage had risen to 25.36 per cent.

In Germany, as a whole, the Red Cross finds that 50 to 60 per cent of all the school children are suffering from under-nourishment or defective development.

In Munich between 10 and 20 per cent of the practicing physicians are receiving unemployment doles as no one sends for a physician who is not in dire distress.

Berlin received in 1913 1,200,000 liters of milk daily; in 1922 only 400,000 liters a day. A workman with three children, who require 1¾ liters of milk a day, must spend 20 to 30 per cent of his total income for this amount of milk.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 10.—The All-American Cooperative Commission today issued this statement:

Not content with persecuting private industry within the occupied territory of the Ruhr, the French militarists have ruthlessly attacked the German cooperatives. Organizations of workingmen in which are invested the lifetime savings of thousands of workers have been so completely blocked in their operations that many of them have been forced to close their shops entirely and leave their members dependent on the exploiting private merchants.

Communications protesting against the heartless policy of the French Government in placing insuperable difficulties in the way of the German cooperatives sent by the International Cooperative Alliance and the German Central Cooperative Union have been completely ignored by the French authorities. Every day's delay in remedying this unjustifiable policy brings increased hardship to the German working people who are dependent on these cooperatives for their supplies. There can be no moral justification for the policy of any government which seeks advantages for its industrial magnates at the cost of misery and starvation for innocent workingmen and women.

BERLIN, May 15.—French seizure of big German aniline dyes and chemical plants came as still another shock to Germany today. Strong military forces occupied the Hoechst Color Works, Hoechst-on-the-Main, and the Badische Aniline and Soda Works at Ludwigshafen at five o'clock this morning. . . . They also seized chemical plants near Wiesbaden. . . . Officials . . . were . . . told that the objective of the occupation of the works was to confiscate the products due to France on reparations account and that the occupation would last probably eight days, during which time the workers would not be permitted to enter the plants.

LONDON, May 15.—England exported more coal in March of this year than in any previous month of her entire history. It went to the markets usually served by the Ruhr coal that the German miners have ceased to dig. Germany imported 1,800,000 tons from England—1,400,000 tons more than in March, 1922; France, 600,000 more; Italy, 100,000 more. Some cynics suggest this as one reason why English opposition to French policy has been so faltering.

PARIS, May 20.—According to figures published today by Deputy Eymond in the *Journal Officiel*, the occupation of the Ruhr from January 11 to the end of May will cost France 145,500,000 francs. Against that amount can be set off 102,000,000 francs realized from profits on the sale of coke and coal seized in the district, from fines and penalties inflicted, and from operation of the Rhineland railroad system. . . .

[Although the New York *Times* heads this dispatch "Occupation of Ruhr Near Self-Support," analysis of these figures compiled as a justification of Poincaré's policy, reveals (1) that the cost of military transport is entered twice, as a cost and as an income, although it is paid by France—a dishonest piece of bookkeeping; (2) that while no entry is made for the loss of the payments in coal, dyestuffs, etc., which Germany has ceased making since the French invasion, all the French seizures of coal are entered as profit. It is triumphantly announced that the French are receiving plenty of coal and coke—18,000 tons a day; but before the invasion Germany was delivering more than 1,500,000 tons a month. The same dispatch reports that M. de Wendel, head of the French steel trust, "stated this week that no Ruhr coke has reached Lorraine during the last five or six days." In January 116 blast furnaces were at work in France; today there are only 77.]

PARIS, May 19.—Premier Poincaré, who first announced that he would occupy the Ruhr with a corps of engineers and a few soldiers to guard them, announces that he is about to send fifteen to twenty thousand more soldiers into the Ruhr. This brings the total to about 100,000.

PARIS, May 21.—The price of bread has gone higher than ever before since the siege of Paris in 1870.

An Indian *Nation*, Too

TO the family of *Nations* has come another accession—an Indian *Nation*, published at Lahore in the heart of the Punjab, a twelve-page, five-column daily. We are so glad to welcome it to journalistic life as the voice of the All-India Trade Union Congress that we should like to lay the flattering unction to our souls that its inception is in part due to our own example. There have been times when we could take to ourselves the sincerest flattery of imitation. The London *Nation* is the most conspicuous of those that are patterned after this one. It deliberately chose to take our name and we remember protesting at the time against the procedure as a violation of the copyright law and the Anglo-Saxon *entente cordiale*—only to grow extremely proud and pleased as the *Nation* of Massingham unfolded itself. Still earlier was Berlin's *Die Nation*, founded, for years edited, and finally discontinued by a noble-minded, liberal statesman, Dr. Theodor Barth, always an enemy of Bismarck and the policies of an imperialistic and militaristic Germany, always for friendship with Great Britain, always for free trade, in fact always for such policies as the New York *Nation* has defended and expounded.

The Vienna *Zeit* was different only in name, for it came to life after its editors had made the acquaintance in this country of our publication. It was a weekly so ably conducted by Heinrich Kanner and Isidor Singer that in response to popular demand it became a powerful liberal daily, always a thorn in the side of the rotten Austrian Government, and finally was suppressed during the war at the direct behest of Ludendorff himself, who actually threatened the dissolution of the imperial alliance if the *Zeit* were not chloroformed. We have had a Canadian *Nation* and a

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Mexican *Nation*, and we are always hoping for a Japanese *Nation* because of the amount of Japanese interest in us, which sometimes takes the complimentary form of suppression by the police. If our intellectual progeny do not always live long, at least they squall lustily while of this mundane sphere, which we hope will some day be circled by *Nations*, with a well-established system of exchange of editors in force.

What is the need for an Indian *Nation* appears very clearly from a recent letter from the general secretary of the All-India Trade Union Congress as to the condition of the eighteen million industrial workers of India:

> I do not believe that there are more wretched or worse-exploited slaves in the whole world. We have succeeded in benefiting the workers in numerous ways—we have fought their fight, we have created the necessary atmosphere for modern humane legislation such as workmen's compensation acts, we have above all aroused the workers to a consciousness of a better life.

Now the congress proposes to create an Indian Labor Party to fight the workers' battles at the polls, and hence the Lahore *Nation*. It looks prosperous and as if it had come to stay; its editorial policy is "nationalist," "democratic," and "pan-Oriental." The editors avow their championship of "a united nation rising superior to petty communal jealousies and suspicion . . . a belief in the destiny of the Indian nation, a confidence in India's ability to work out and achieve her own salvation, a resolve that India shall be free and remain Indian."

A noble program! With such powerful trade-union support this *Nation* ought to maintain itself against the constant threat of suppression and live to be recognized as the official spokesman of an Indian Labor Party. In its first number the new paper was welcomed not only by hundreds of Indians but also by Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Robert Smillie, George Lansbury, and other Englishmen. We are glad to give it an American welcome to the fellowship of the liberal press.

The Changing Novel

THE novel started out by being both discursive and didactic. Fielding skipped about among his characters as he chose, admitted the irrelevant episode, and took the essayist's tone in his famous opening chapters. All the great British novelists of the Victorian period, even George Eliot, followed his method substantially. If "Henry Esmond" is an exception it is so because Thackeray's assumption of the style and tone of another age forced him to a straighter flow of narrative and a more meticulously woven texture.

The tighter form of the novel came from France; it was perfected by Flaubert and the Goncourts; it arose from the doctrine of "impassibility," of a relentless tolerance in face of all the phenomena of life; it conquered all literature and is illustrated by masterpieces as different in tone and origin as Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks" and George Moore's "Esther Waters." It is still the form used by all the older novelists of high rank—by Edith Wharton and Joseph Conrad and John Galsworthy; it is used, with changes subtle but only slight, by Sinclair Lewis; it is still aimed at, though it constantly escapes him, by Joseph Hergesheimer.

This form has notable and unique advantages. It conducts its narrative as an unbroken vision of life seen usually through a single soul; it has high coherence and corresponding sharpness of effect; its seamless continuity contributes to the all-important sustaining of the chosen key or note and renders easy and natural the unavoidable conventionalization of time and space. Again and again, even in the hands of lesser writers, it produces an enviable illusion of reality. It will always tempt the novelist; it will always be practiced. If its execution is severe the results are correspondingly grateful.

Not so many years ago one would have thought that this form had finally absorbed the whole of serious fiction. Then came Mr. H. G. Wells. He assuredly saw no more deeply into life than Flaubert or George Moore; he did see life more broadly; he saw the sharp details in whole masses of it that were like the vague shadows of clouds or mountains to them. He wanted to pack explicit sociologies into his stories. They had been content to understand and pity the world; he wanted to shatter and rebuild it. The fine, impassible, continuous form of Maupassant and James burst under the pressure of his wide and hot preoccupations. The novel became personal and discursive once more. Mr. Wells is not, we believe, a great novelist. But he drove into fiction on a cosmic chariot and reduced a finished art to an exuberant experiment.

Since then, side by side with the continuing practice of the Flaubertian form, two other major experimental forms of the novel have come into view. It is not easy to add up the fluid and changing facts of art and write down things as impudent as names and definitions. But Dorothy Richardson, Evelyn Scott, James Joyce, Waldo Frank, and many minors are experimenting with a form of novel that is guided almost wholly by drawing the subconscious into the conscious mind. To them the world of appearances is merely that; they are after the source of all things in a scarcely explored inwardness and have no doubt that all things are melted in the crucible of the psyche. Since their whole world is either within or projected from within, their type of novel, like the corresponding type of drama, may be called expressionistic.

Another experiment, scarcely noted among us despite the wide popularity of both "The World's Illusion" and "The Goose Man," has been made by Jacob Wassermann. That remarkable thinker has come to the conclusion, broadly speaking, that the operations of the analytical faculty are of evil or of no avail. As the great primitive and nameless poets of mankind projected their sense of life in the forms of myths, so, according to Wassermann, must the modern novelist do, if he would be more than a mere barren "literary man," if he would be a "creative man" and project a creative vision. Thus the hundreds of anecdotes and parables in Wassermann's books are not to be taken as transcripts from life, but as creative myths which run parallel to life and interpret and transcend and save it. And it is curious to observe—so pervasive are the things of the time-spirit—how an awkward and uncertain yearning toward this mythopoeic novel is haunting Mr. Sherwood Anderson and, in a vaguer way, still other writers. The novelist of today, at all events, has his choice among several very different but equally fascinating methods and the immediate future of the novel should, by virtue of these varieties of expression, be both lively and fruitful.

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Why Henry Ford Should Not Be President

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"IN my opinion he could realize his supreme ambition if he were to follow the example of a good shoemaker and stick to his last, that is, to the human and production problems in industry, and leave national, international, and racial problems alone." Thus Dr. Samuel S. Marquis upon the political ambitions of Henry Ford. No one could know Mr. Ford better than the man who has been for years his candid friend, his pastor, and his employee. For three years the head of the sociological department of the Ford Motor Company, Dr. Marquis has seen the inside of that amazing organization as have few others; and the results of his observation of Henry Ford the man, the manufacturer, and the employer he has set forth in a volume of collected magazine studies, "Henry Ford, an Interpretation," just published by Little, Brown and Company. It is a book of especial significance at this time, but it is remarkable in itself for its extraordinary detachment and its refreshing honesty, so rare in biographies of this type. Should Mr. Ford be nominated for the Presidency this book ought to be placed in the hands of every voter. For on almost every page are convincing reasons why he should not be sent to the White House.

"I know of no study more absorbing than the Ford psychology," writes Dr. Marquis. It is beyond question fascinating. No other man outside of political life has so challenged the admiration and the imagination of the American people, for no other man has risen as rapidly from poverty to the point where he either is or is about to be the richest man in the world. No other personality has been so much in the public eye and is yet so little understood—so rarely analyzed. "Tell us what manner of man is Henry Ford," is the demand most often flung at those who know him, or at the newspaper men who are supposed to hold a key or two to this complex, paradoxical personality—Dr. Marquis calls him a "puzzling mixture of opposing natures." "There rages in him," this Boswell says, "an endless conflict between ideals, emotions, and impulses as unlike as day and night—a conflict that at times makes one feel that two personalities are striving within him for mastery, with neither able to win a final decision over the other." What wonder that Ford "stuff" is the best kind of material for the padded pages of our Sunday newspapers? It is not only the puzzle of the man himself and his phenomenal rise; ever since the New York newspapers read the Ford Company's balance sheet for 1922, with its amazing entry of "cash in bank $151,000,000," they have been calling him the richest man on earth. That is enough to sell many a newspaper story, but even that is not all; his Presidential ambitions alone would entitle the most advertised man in the world to endless additional free advertising.

For those are serious ambitions and they are not to be disregarded because Mrs. Ford has stated to a reporter that "if Henry goes to the White House he goes without me." Dr. Marquis feels the menace of that candidacy throughout his study of the man, precisely as he reveals his belief in the unfitness of Henry Ford for the Presidency. Every detached observer who has studied the career of Henry Ford and knows the requirements of the greatest of offices at this juncture in the affairs of humanity must shudder at the thought of this man being in control of our national destinies. This is not because he is an uneducated man and has to sit with a dictionary on his lap when he tries to read Emerson. There are unschooled men who have natural aptitudes and good horse sense whom one would trust in any position. They have the inborn wisdom and patience of Lincoln; they have achieved an understanding of human nature; they have that divine sympathy which is the key to so many a human problem; and above all they are rooted in fixed principles. When such a man, be his name Jackson or Johnson or Lincoln, reaches high office we have the triumph of democracy; we have something to make every American a bit prouder, a bit taller, a bit straighter.

But Henry Ford is not one of these, despite his amazing successes. The milk of human kindness is not within him though he may be charitable and philanthropic. He is without the traits to offset the blanks in his scanty education. He is without a quality for which I can find no better word than the old-fashioned Yankee "gumption" which has helped so many a man over obstacles otherwise insuperable. He is without that patience which is wisdom and beyond price. He has no philosophy of the universe upon which to build. "He has," records Dr. Marquis, "the not uncommon conviction among mortals that he has a real message for the world, a real service to render mankind." He would like, so Mr. Ford himself has said, "to make the world a little better for having lived in it." Yet with that laudable ambition he has not learned to control and subordinate his self, or to think things through, or to order his mind. Dr. Marquis is quite clear on the latter point: "He [Ford] has in him the makings of a great man, the parts lying about in more or less disorder. If only Henry Ford were properly assembled! If only he would do in himself that which he has done in his factory!" There lies the reason for his intellectual failure and the eminent danger of putting him in any position in which his mental processes would be compelled to make far-reaching decisions outside the realm of automobiles and factories and multiple production. It is the reason why in my judgment it would be possible to stop at any one of the great factories that line the New Haven Railroad between New York and New Haven and pick out in each one some foreman earning $50 a week with no better education than Henry Ford who would be a far safer choice for the White House than the richest man in the world.

Inevitably my mind goes back to the day when Henry Ford announced his peace ship, not merely because I was with him and was the second man to be asked to go on the Oscar II and the first to decline (on the spot), but because that episode illustrates so clearly the weakness of the man's mental processes. I am quite of Dr. Marquis's opinion that the motive behind that venture "was a laudable one." Rightly handled it could have been made an amazing publicity "stunt" on behalf of that peace which all humanity desired, no one more so than the men in the trenches, which the governments of Europe were too rotten, too crooked, or too incompetent to make then or to make now. It was I who suggested that the slogan Mr. Ford hit upon for his venture, "We'll get the boys home by Christmas," be toned down or abandoned. "Why?" demanded Mr. Ford with

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instant suspicion. I pointed out that as the ship would not sail until December 4 and could not arrive in Holland before December 15, the time left before Christmas was too short even to communicate with the belligerents and get their replies before December 25, to say nothing of the impossibility of physically getting the millions back to their home in ten days after his arrival. My efforts produced no other change than the modification of the slogan to "We'll get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," and that only when I suggested that a Christmas armistice might bring the men out on top of their trenches.

It was the mind of a suspicious child with which we had to deal; a mind without the necessary background of history and human experience to think its way through the first essentials of such a vast human problem. The instinct was sound; the necessary gumption lacking. So he and his guests went to sea in the Oscar II without his having even had the business sense to see for himself if those who had gotten him into the venture had any real assurances that their argosy would be welcomed by the neutral nations, to say nothing of the belligerents. One of the first questions the newspapermen asked him when he announced that he had "got the ship, boys," was what encouragement he had received from foreign governments to undertake the venture. He assured them that there were invitations, but, if the reports are true, not until there was almost a mutiny on the ship as she neared Norway did he trouble to read the letters—only to find that they were merely the most formal and polite expressions of good-will, such as would have been forthcoming for any move for peace. One dreads to think what a mind like this might do if intrusted with the handling of our foreign affairs.

To this a distinguished Republican Senator replied the other day that he would be willing to take a chance on that because Henry Ford would surround himself with able men. But this was precisely the argument advanced on behalf of Warren Harding when he was a candidate—and look what we got! More than that, there are certain traits in Henry Ford which were the worst traits developed by Woodrow Wilson during his sojourn in the White House. He plays a lone hand. Dr. Marquis even goes so far as to say that if Ford were President we should have a cheap administration because he would dispense with the Cabinet and a good many executives. Just as Mr. Wilson secluded himself more and more, so Henry Ford has said to an employee: "You know me too well; hereafter I am going to see to it that no man comes to know me as intimately as you do." Of Mr. Wilson the same words have been written which Dr. Marquis uses in describing Henry Ford: "The isolation of Henry Ford's mind is about as near perfect as it is possible to make it. For this reason the confidence born in him of success along one line never forsakes him when he enters other spheres of thought and action. Adverse criticism reaches him, of course, but it does not penetrate." Elsewhere this biographer speaks of Ford's "one-way mind"—ominous reminiscence of a "one-track mind" in the White House!

Again, both men have had a perfectly ruthless way of dealing with subordinates who have offended them. Dr. Marquis deplores and cannot defend the fact that Ford has quarreled with and discharged all the magnificent group of men who with him built his success. Every one of these men has been forced out of the company. Sometimes the quarrel was open and resulted in litigation; sometimes they were just dropped out. Sometimes subordinates have been thrown out under circumstances that reflect the utmost discredit upon Ford himself and reveal a side to his character that stamps him as at moments dangerously uncontrolled. Dr. Marquis observes that in many cases in which gross injustice was done to employees, Henry Ford, when cognizant of the facts, refused to lift a finger to right the wrong. One instance is worth going into at length—the summary discharge of a man whose task in the company "was a colossal one and greatly complicated by conditions which arose during the war." Dr. Marquis told Henry Ford that his treatment of this man was neither just nor humane, that it robbed him not only of his job, but of his reputation. Mr. Ford professing a desire to reinstate the official, Dr. Marquis went at his request to a certain executive to discuss the case with him. What followed we give in Dr. Marquis's own words:

> I told this executive that I thought he had acted most unfairly in the discharge of this man. "How do you know I did it?" he shot back. "Maybe you are barking up the wrong tree. How do you know the Chief did not do it?" I answered that I did not believe the Chief would be capable of doing such a thing. While we were in the midst of a heated discussion Mr. Ford came into the office. He listened to what we were saying for a few minutes and then turning to me said, "I did it. I discharged that man and what is more he is not coming back." This within an hour after he had said for the second time that he would be taken back. "What have you got to say now?" said the official. "I told you that you were barking up the wrong tree." "I have to say," I replied, "just what I have said before. The discharge was not merited, and the manner in which it was done was neither courteous nor fair." Mr. Ford then said, "Bring the man down to my office in the morning and we will go over the whole matter with him." I did as requested. Mr. Ford failed to keep the appointment. That was the end of the case.

It is not surprising that Dr. Marquis adds: "It is sufficiently painful and humiliating to be brought face to face with unemployment and all that follows—loss of income and of savings, accumulation of debts, eviction and hunger—without being kicked like a dog into it." Elsewhere he squarely places upon Mr. Ford's own shoulders the responsibility for this policy of "treat 'em rough" which seems to pervade the organization. More than eighty men in one department went home one evening without any intimation whatever that they were dismissed. "They came to work the next morning to find their desks and chairs taken from the room in which they worked. They were left to find out as best they could that they had been fired. The request to be permitted to tell men in a decent, gentlemanly manner that the company no longer required their services met with refusal." More than that, some employees came to work to find their desks *smashed with an ax*—a kind of sadistic vengeance which in no wise suggests the self-control and sense of justice which surely are requisite in any one who would guide the destinies of 115,000,000 of Americans. What if Henry Ford were President; if he became angry with some country whose methods he could perhaps not comprehend, would he not use our army and navy precisely as he turned to the ax to destroy his own property in the spirit of an angry child or of a defective? More than that, he is the victim of great gusts of passion as "sudden and terrible as those which break over the tropics." What havoc would not such storms create in the Executive Mansion?

To my mind labor has gone strangely wrong in its atti-

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tude toward Henry Ford. True he gives a $6 a day minimum wage but, as Dr. Marquis says, there was no excuse for a company in such a position not giving the original $5 a day. It is also true that he has a fine social philosophy as to the "down and out" and the ex-convict, that his theory of well-paid work as the salvation for most human shipwrecks is eminently sound. But these things do not offset the absolute despotism of the Ford management, its bitter opposition to all unionism, its refusal to introduce cooperation, and its working human beings at a terrific speed at such monotonous jobs as must inevitably affect the mental and physical health of those who labor for hours at one single, never-varying task. No, the American laboring men may be spellbound by the success of this mechanic who toiled with his hands, but they will err, indeed, if by their votes they place him in the position of ruling over the country's destinies.

Now, it would not be just, of course, to judge Mr. Ford solely upon the acts set forth above. Beyond question he is a genius in his own field, and his desire to create more work in the world for human beings is altogether to his credit. The fact that his companies continue to do well after the loss of all his earlier associates and executives shows that Mr. Ford is master of his business. His ability to get on without going to the banks for aid when he was apparently in distress several years ago is another achievement which reflects luster upon his industrial generalship. He is the only man I know who can do things that would ruin any other capitalist and still "get away with it." There seems to be no limit to his power of industrial achievement; the whole South yearns to have him take over the Muscle Shoals project, believing that with one wave of his fairy wand he will create new and unexampled prosperity for that section. For all the efforts of the older railway men to break the effect of Ford's success in running his railroad by attributing it entirely to the freight traffic which he is able to throw to it himself, there is no doubt that, coming to railroading with a fresh mind and freedom from red tape and the dry-as-dust methods of the older railway corporations, he has blazed the way and gotten new life and efficiency into what was a dead, or nearly dead, artery of traffic. His capture of the water power in St. Paul and Minneapolis, which ought to have been reserved for the public, is another instance of the ability of the man to affect the imaginations of his fellow-men. In anybody else this would have been denounced as a grab and a steal deserving of the utmost public condemnation.

Mr. Ford is beyond question philanthropic—he does give money away. There is a hospital upon which he has lavished millions, and he has doubtless done many private acts of generosity, though it seems to me he has by no means mastered either the art or the happiness of giving on a large scale. And here, too, his record is sullied. I am familiar with a case in which he publicly announced that he was going to give $10,000 to a certain cause, and then welshed because he did not like an interview given to the press by a single member of the group of men connected with the undertaking. For this trivial reason he refused to reimburse the organization for expenses incurred after his public promise. There is a Western college which makes a similar charge against him—again proof of his inability to control his feelings. In no such case is there evidence that Mr. Ford ever has moments of contrition and repentance. He, too, apparently feels that he can do no wrong; he, too, looks with suspicion and positive hatred upon anyone who dares to oppose him or to thwart him.

Nor has Mr. Ford ever expressed any regret at his own lack of educational opportunities. He has all the readiness, as the peace-ship venture showed, of the successful business man to consider himself fitted to deal with all sorts of questions without adequate preparation therefor. Imagine such a man passing upon a question like that of the Chester concession! The geographical ignorance of Lloyd George and Wilson at Paris has been the subject of many a jest and many an anecdote—Lloyd George could not at first distinguish between Silesia and Cilicia—but those men are towers of knowledge when compared with the master of the automobile industry. Ignorance of geography can, of course, be supplied, when those ignorant are willing to surround themselves by others having knowledge, and then to use that knowledge. But when it comes to the profound, deep-lying economic issues of the day, one cannot so safely or so easily suck the brains of others without at least running the risk of being deceived and imposed upon. Take Henry Ford's crusade against the Jews. I attribute it to nothing else than utter ignorance. He fell for the long-since exploded and overworked Protocols and every old slander—I have no doubt that if he does not believe in ritualistic murders it is only because he has not been plausibly told about them. So in the matter of finance, Henry Ford is utterly unsound. He would be guided by the fiat-money views of his friend Thomas Edison rather than by the opinion of the most liberal and detached students of finance and economics. But even there one cannot be certain. Dr. Marquis recurs several times to the "periodical convulsions" in the Ford company. Then, he says, "old policies are swept away. New policies are set up. Departments are turned inside out and upside down, or altogether done away with."

Yet there is no doubt that the movement for Henry Ford is very strong, and in the face of Dr. Marquis's testimony to his former employer's tremendous political ambition, it is impossible to take seriously the interviews which are beginning to appear setting forth that Ford is really not a candidate. Let anyone who is interested talk with the Ford agents; let him examine what is being done in certain States to nominate him in the Presidential primary; let him investigate the reports of the opening of Ford headquarters in various cities, and then let him read the announcement that if the public wants Henry Ford for President it will have to draft him. One can then draw one's own conclusions. Wherever he travels, East, West, North, or South, the observer will find the appeal of Ford to the imagination. The plain people are convinced that he is just one of them who has broken the bank, who played the luckiest card ever played by any mortal and carried off the largest sweepstakes from the green-baize table of fate. They believe that somehow or other in some miraculous way he will make over the government of the United States into that efficient up-to-date smooth-working organization it ought to be, and if he makes it over on the lines of his numerous properties nobody will object. They like him because, being rich, he still hates Wall Street and refuses to be drawn into it; that being enormously wealthy he refuses to go in for social ambitions and build a palace at Newport. They like him because his own private life is so exemplary, because he still holds to the wife of his youth, and adores his most promising and able son. They don't mind if he makes Fords and drives a Rolls-Royce, and that he lives in a big

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and particularly ugly house. They are tired, supremely tired, of politicians of the Harding type and others of the college-president type. They want a successful man of themselves to try his hand at the governmental game and bring them some relief. The farmers are crying out for him. He gave them the tractor; they would like to see him try to solve their other problems.

So that is why the best-informed political observers say that if Ford is nominated on the Democratic ticket he will sweep the country. That is why many of them think that even without the indorsement of either of the major parties he can run on a third ticket and be elected. If either contingency should come to pass the result would be disastrous to Henry Ford and to the country; it might readily bring about the complete collapse of our governmental machinery, which is steadily sagging to the breaking-point. It would be the triumph of the unfit; it would probably be the final attempt in American political life to fill the Presidency on the theory that any American, no matter what his education, his experience, his talent, or his knowledge, is equal to the job of solving the multitude of complex problems that sometimes make it questionable whether any man can be found with all the qualities essential to a successful President of the United States.

I have been observing political conditions in the United States and writing about them for the press for thirty years. It is my deliberate belief that during that time no candidate has been suggested so absolutely unfit for the White House as Henry Ford. Almost anything conceivable might happen to the Republic should he be elected.

These United States—XXX*

MINNESOTA: The Norse State

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ON May 9, 1922, Mr. Henry Lorenz of Pleasantdale, Saskatchewan, milked the cows and fed the horses and received the calls of his next farm neighbors. Obviously he was still young and lively, though it did happen that on May 9 he was one hundred and seventeen years old. When St. Paul, Mendota, and Marine, the first towns in Minnesota, were established, Henry was a man in his mid-thirties—yes, and President Eliot was seven and Uncle Joe Cannon was five. As for Minneapolis, now a city of four hundred thousand people, seventy-five years ago it consisted of one cabin. Before 1837, there were less than three hundred whites and mixed breeds in all this Minnesotan domain of eighty thousand square miles—the size of England and Scotland put together.

It is so incredibly new; it has grown so dizzyingly. Here is a man still under forty, born in a Minnesota village. Twenty-two years before he was born, the village was a stockade with two or three log stores and a company of infantry, a refuge for the settlers when the Sioux came raiding. During a raid in 1863, a settler was scalped within sight of the stockade. Yet so greatly had the State changed in those twenty-three years that not till he was sixteen did the man himself ever see an Indian. That Indian was on a train, bound East to continue the study of Latin which he had begun on the reservation.

On the spot where the settler was scalped in 1863 is a bungalow farmhouse now, with leaded casement windows, with radio and phonograph, and electric lights in house and garage and barns. A hundred blooded cows are milked there by machinery. The farmer goes into town for Kiwanis Club meetings, and last year he drove his Buick to Los Angeles. He is, or was, too prosperous to belong to the Nonpartisan League or to vote the Farmer-Labor ticket.

Minnesota is unknown to the average Easterner, say to a Hartford insurance man or to a New York garment-worker, not so much because it is new as because it is neither definitely Western and violent, nor Eastern and crystallized. Factories and shore hotels are inevitably associated with New Jersey, cowpunchers and buttes with Montana; California is apparent and Florida and Maine. But Minnesota is unplaced. I have heard a Yale junior speculate: "Now you take those Minnesota cities—say take Milwaukee, for instance. Why, it must have a couple of hundred thousand population, hasn't it?"

This would be a composite Eastern impression of Minnesota: a vastness of wind-beaten prairie, flat as a parade ground, wholly given up to wheat-growing save for a fringe of pines at the north and a few market-towns at the south; these steppes inhabited by a few splendid Yankees—one's own sort of people—and by Swedes who always begin sentences with "Vell, Aye tank," who are farmhands, kitchen-maids, and ice-men, and who are invariably humorous.

This popular outline bears examination as well as most popular beliefs; quite as well as the concept that Negroes born in Chicago are less courteous than those born in Alabama. Minnesota is not flat. It is far less flat than the province of Quebec. Most of it is prairie, but the prairie rolls and dips and curves; it lures the motorist like the English roads of Broad Highway fiction. Along the skyline the cumulus clouds forever belly and, with our dry air, nothing is more spectacular than the crimson chaos of our sunsets. But our most obvious beauty is the lakes. There are thousands of them—nine or ten thousand—brilliant among suave grain fields or masked by cool birch and maples. On the dozen-mile-wide lakes of the north are summer cottages of the prosperous from Missouri, Illinois, even Texas.

Leagues of the prairie are utterly treeless, except for artificial windbreaks of willows and cottonwoods encircling the farmhouses. Here the German Catholic spire can be seen a dozen miles off, and the smoke of the Soo Line freight two stations away. But from this plains country you come into a northern pine wilderness, "the Big Woods," a land of lumber camps and reservation Indians and lonely tote-roads, kingdom of Paul Bunyan, the mythical hero of the lumberjacks.

The second error is to suppose that Minnesota is entirely a wheat State. It was, at one time, and the Minneapolis flour-mills are still the largest in the world. Not even Castoria is hymned by more billboards than is Minneapolis

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flour. But today it is Montana and Saskatchewan and the Dakotas which produce most of the wheat for our mills, while the Minnesota farmers, building tall red silos which adorn their barns like the turrets of Picardy, turn increasingly to dairying. We ship beef to London, butter to Philadelphia. The iron from our Mesaba mines is in Alaskan rails and South African bridges, and as to manufacturing, our refrigerators and heat-regulators comfort Park Avenue apartment-houses, while our chief underwear factory would satisfy a Massachusetts Brahmin or even a Chicago advertising-man.

Greatest error of all is to believe that Minnesota is entirely Yankee and Scandinavian, and that the Swedes are helots and somehow ludicrous.

A school principal in New Duluth analyzed his three hundred and thirty children as Slovene, 49; Italian, 47; Serbian, 39; American, 37; Polish, 30; Austrian and Swedish, 22 each; Croatian, 20; colored, 9 (it is instructive to note that he did not include them among the "Americans"); Finnish, 7; Scotch, 6; Slav unspecified, 5; German, French, Bohemian, and Jewish, 4 each; Rumanian, Norwegian, and Canadian, 3 each; Scandinavian, unspecified; Lithuanian, Irish, Ukrainian, and Greek, 2 each; Russian and English, 1 each—60 per cent of them from Southern and Eastern Europe!

Such a Slavification would, of course, be true only of an industrial or mining community, but it does indicate that the whole Mid-Western population may alter as much as has the East. In most of the State there is a predomination of Yankees, Germans, Irish, and all branches of Scandinavians —Icelanders and Danes as well as Swedes and Norwegians. And among all racial misconceptions none is more vigorously absurd than the belief that the Minnesota Scandinavians are, no matter how long they remain here, like the characters of that estimable old stock-company play "Yon Yonson" —a tribe humorous, inferior, and unassimilable. To generalize, any popular generalization about Scandinavians in America is completely and ingeniously and always wrong.

In Minnesota itself one does not hear (from the superior Yankees whom one questions about that sort of thing) that the Scandinavians are a comic people, but rather that they are surly, that they are Socialistic, that they "won't Americanize." Manufacturers and employing lumbermen speak of their Swedish employees precisely as wealthy Seattleites speak of the Japs, Bostonians of the Irish, Southwesterners of the Mexicans, New Yorkers of the Jews, marine officers of the Haitians, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling of nationalist Hindus—or nationalist Americans. Unconsciously, all of them give away the Inferior Race Theory, which is this: An inferior race is one whose members work for me. They are treacherous, ungrateful, ignorant, lazy, and agitator-ridden, because they ask for higher wages and thus seek to rob me of the dollars which I desire for my wife's frocks and for the charities which glorify me. This inferiority is inherent. Never can they become Good Americans (or English Gentlemen, or Highwellborn Prussians). I know that this is so, because all my university classmates and bridge-partners agree with me.

The truth is that the Scandinavians Americanize only too quickly. They Americanize much more quickly than Americans. For generation after generation there is a remnant of stubborn American abolitionist stock which either supports forlorn causes and in jail sings low ballads in a Harvard accent, or else upholds, like Lodge, an Adams tradition which is as poisonous as communism to a joy in brotherly boosting. So thorough are the Scandinavians about it that in 1963 we shall be hearing Norwegian Trygavasons and Icelandic Gislasons saying of the Montenegrins and Letts: "They're reg'lar hogs about wages but the worst is, they simply won't Americanize. They won't vote either the Rotary or the Ku Klux ticket. They keep hollering about wanting some kind of a doggone Third Party."

Scandinavians take to American commerce and schooling and journalism as do Scotsmen or Cockneys. Particularly they take to American politics, the good old politics of Harrison and McKinley and Charley Murphy. Usually, they bring nothing new from their own experimental countries. They permit their traditions to be snatched away. True, many of them have labored for the Nonpartisan League, for woman suffrage, for cooperative societies. The late Governor John Johnson of Minnesota seems to have been a man of destiny; had he lived he would probably have been President, and possibly a President of power and originality. But again—there was Senator Knute Nelson, who made McCumber look like a left-wing syndicalist and Judge Gary like François Villon. There is Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, chairman of the House postal committee. Mr. Steenerson once produced, out of a rich talent matured by a quarter of a century in the House, an immortal sentence. He had been complaining at lunch that the Nonpartisan League had introduced the obscene writings of "this Russian woman, Ellen Key" into the innocent public schools. Some one hinted to the Swedish Mr. Steenerson, "But I thought she was a Swede."

He answered: *"No, the Key woman comes from Finland and the rest of Red Russia, where they nationalize the women."*

Good and bad, the Scandinavians monopolize Minnesota politics. Of the last nine governors of the State, six have been Scandinavians. So is Dr. Shipstead, who defeated Senator Kellogg in the 1922 election; so is Harold Knutson, Republican whip of the House. Scandinavians make up a large proportion of the Minnesota State Legislature, and while in Santa Fe the Mexican legislators speak Spanish, while in Quebec the representatives still debate in French, though for generations they have been citizens of a British dominion, in Minnesota the politicians who were born abroad are zealous to speak nothing but Americanese. So is it in business and the home. Though a man may not have left Scandinavia till he was twenty, his sons will use the same English, good and bad, as the sons of settlers from Maine, and his daughters will go into music clubs or into cocktail sets, into college or into factories, with the same prejudices and ideals and intonations as girls named Smith and Brewster.

The curious newness of Minnesota has been suggested, but the really astonishing thing is not the newness—it is the oldness, the solid, traditionalized, cotton-wrapped oldness. A study of it would be damaging to the Free and Fluid Young America theory. While parts of the State are still so raw that the villages among the furrows or the dusty pines are but frontier camps, in the cities and in a few of the towns there is as firm a financial oligarchy and almost as definite a social system as London, and this power is behind all "sound" politics, in direct or indirect control of all business. It has its Old Families, who tend to marry only within their own set. Anywhere in the world, an Old

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Family is one which has had wealth for at least thirty years longer than average families of the same neighborhood. In England, it takes (at most) five generations to absorb "parvenus" and "profiteers" into the gentry, whether they were steel profiteers in the Great War or yet untitled land profiteers under William the Conqueror. In New York it takes three generations—often. In the Middle West it takes one and a half.

No fable is more bracing, or more absurd, than that all the sons and grandsons of the pioneers, in Minnesota or in California, in Arizona or Nebraska, are racy and breezy, unmannerly but intoxicatingly free. The grandchildren of the men who in 1862 fought the Minnesota Indians, who dogtrotted a hundred miles over swamp-blurred trails to bear the alarm to the nearest troops—some of them are still clearing the land, but some of them are complaining of the un-English quality of the Orange Pekoe in dainty painty city tea-rooms which stand where three generations ago the Red River fur-carts rested; their chauffeurs await them in Pierce Arrow limousines (special bodies by Kimball, silver fittings from Tiffany); they present Schnitzler and St. John Ervine at their Little Theaters; between rehearsals they chatter of meeting James Joyce in Paris; and always in high-pitched Mayfair laughter they ridicule the Scandinavians and Finns who are trying to shoulder into their sacred, ancient Yankee caste. A good many of their names are German.

Naturally, beneath this Junker class there is a useful, sophisticated, and growing company of doctors, teachers, newspapermen, liberal lawyers, musicians who have given up Munich and Milan for the interest of developing orchestras in the new land. There is a scientific body of farmers. The agricultural school of the huge University of Minnesota is sound and creative. And still more naturally, between Labor and Aristocracy there is an army of the peppy, poker-playing, sales-hustling He-men who are our most characteristic Americans. But even the He-men are not so obvious as they seem. What their future is, no man knows—and no woman dares believe. It is conceivable that, instead of being a menace, in their naive boosting and their fear of the unusual, they may pass only too soon; it is possible that their standardized bathrooms and Overlands will change to an equally standardized and formula-bound culture—yearning Culture, arty Art. We have been hurled from tobacco-chewing to tea-drinking with gasping speed; we may as quickly dash from boosting to a beautiful and languorous death. If it is necessary to be Fabian in politics, to keep the reformers (left wing or rigid right) from making us perfect too rapidly, it is yet more necessary to be a little doubtful about the ardent souls who would sell Culture; and if the Tired Business Man is unlovely and a little dull, at least he is real, and we shall build only on reality.

The nimbler among our pioneering grandfathers appropriated to their private uses some thousands of square miles in northern Minnesota, and cut off—or cheerfully lost by forest fire—certain billions of feet of such lumber as will never be seen again. When the lumber was gone, the land seemed worthless. It was good for nothing but agriculture, which is an unromantic occupation, incapable of making millionaires in one generation. The owners had few of them acquired more than a million, and now they could scarcely give their holdings away. Suddenly, on parts of this scraggly land, iron was discovered, iron in preposterous quantities, to be mined in the open pit, as easily as hauling out gravel. Here is the chief supply of the Gary and South Chicago mills. The owners of the land do not mine the ore. They have gracefully leased it—though we are but Westerners, we have our subsidiary of the United States Steel Company. The landowners themselves have only to go abroad and sit in beauty like a flower, and every time a steam shovel dips into the ore, a quarter drops into the owner's pocket.

This article is intended to be a secret but flagrant boost. It is meant to increase civic pride and the value of Minnesota real estate. Yet the writer wonders if he will completely satisfy his chambers of commerce. There is a chance that they would prefer a statement of the value of our dairy products, the number of our admirable new school-buildings, the number of motor tourists visiting our lakes, and an account of Senator Nelson's encouraging progress from poverty to magnificence. But a skilled press agent knows that this would not be a boost; it would be an admission of commerce-ruled barrenness. The interesting thing in Minnesota is the swift evolution of a complex social system and, since in two generations we have changed from wilderness to country clubs, the question is what the next two generations will produce. It defies certain answer; it demands a scrupulous speculation free equally from the bland certitudes of chambers of commerce and the sardonic impatience of professional radicals. To a realistic philosopher, the existence of an aristocracy is not (since it does exist) a thing to be bewailed, but to be examined as a fact.

There is one merit not of Minnesota alone but of all the Middle West which must be considered. The rulers of our new land may to the eye seem altogether like the rulers of the East—of New England, New York, Pennsylvania. Both groups are chiefly reverent toward banking, sound Republicanism, the playing of golf and bridge, and the possession of large motors. But whereas the Easterner is content with these symbols and smugly desires nothing else, the Westerner, however golfocentric he may be, is not altogether satisfied; and raucously though he may snortle at his wife's "fool suffrage ideas" and "all this highbrow junk the lecture-hounds spring on you," yet secretly, wistfully he desires a beauty that he does not understand.

As a pendant, to hint that our society has become somewhat involved in the few years since Mr. Henry Lorenz of Saskatchewan was seventy, let me illogically lump a few personal observations of Minnesota:

Here is an ex-professor of history in the State University, an excellent scholar who, retiring after many years of service, cheerfully grows potatoes in a backwoods farm among the northern Minnesota pines, and builds up cooperative selling for all the farmers of his district.

Here is the head of a Minneapolis school for kindergartners, a woman who is summoned all over the country to address teachers' associations. She will not admit candidates for matriculation until she is sure that they have a gift for teaching. She does something of the work of a Montessori, with none of the trumpeting and anguish.

Here is the greatest, or certainly the largest, medical clinic in the world—the Mayo clinic, with over a hundred medical specialists besides the clerks and nurses. It is the supreme court of diagnosis. Though it is situated in a small town, off the through rail routes, yet it is besieged by patients from Utah and Ontario and New York as much as

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by Minnesotans. When the famous European doctors come to America, they may look at the Rockefeller Institute, they may stop at Harvard and Rush and Johns Hopkins and the headquarters of the American Medical Association, but certainly they will go on to Rochester. The names of "Charley" and "Will" have something of the familiarity of "R. L. S." and "T. R."

Here is a Chippewa as silent and swart as his grandfather, an active person whom the cavalry used to hunt every open season. The grandson conducts a garage, and he actually understands ignition. His farm among the lowering Norway pines he plows with a tractor.

Here is a new bookshop which is publishing the first English translation of the autobiography of Abelard.

Here are really glorious buildings: the Minneapolis Art Institute, the State Capitol, the St. Paul Public Library, and Ralph Adams Cram's loveliest church. Here, on the shore of Lake of the Isles, is an Italian palace built by a wheat speculator. Here where five years ago were muddy ruts are perfect cement roads.

Here is a small town, a "typical prairie town," which has just constructed a competent golf course. From this town came an ambassador to Siam and a professor of history in Columbia.

And here are certain Minnesota authors. You know what Mid-Western authors are—rough fellows but vigorous, ignorant of the classics and of Burgundy, yet close to the heart of humanity. They write about farmyards and wear flannel shirts. Let us confirm this portrait by a sketch of nine Minnesota authors, eight of them born in the State:

Charles Flandrau, author of "Harvard Episodes" and "Viva Mexico," one-time Harvard instructor, now wandering in Spain. Agnes Repplier has called him the swiftest blade among American essayists. Scott Fitzgerald, very much a Minnesotan, yet the father of the Long Island flapper, the prophet of the Ritz, the idol of every Junior League. Alice Ames Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Claude Washburn, author of "The Lonely Warrior" and several other novels which, though they are laid in America, imply a European background. He has lived for years now in France and Italy. Margaret Banning, author of "Spellbinders." Woodward Boyd, whose first novel, "The Love Legend," is a raid on the domestic sentimentalists. Carlton Miles, a dramatic critic who gives his Minnesota readers the latest news of the continental stage. He is just back from a European year spent with such men as Shaw, Drinkwater, and the director of La Scala. Brenda Ueland, who lives in Greenwich Village and writes for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Sinclair Lewis, known publicly as a scolding corn-belt realist, but actually (as betrayed by the samite-yclad, Tennyson-and-water verse which he wrote when he was in college) a yearner over what he would doubtless call "quaint ivied cottages."

Seventy-five years ago—a Chippewa-haunted wilderness. Today—a complex civilization with a future which, stirring or dismayed or both, is altogether unknowable. To understand America, it is merely necessary to understand Minnesota. But to understand Minnesota you must be an historian, an ethnologist, a poet, a cynic, and a graduate prophet all in one.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of June 13, will be Idaho: A Remnant of the Old Frontier, by M. R. Stone.*

The Working-Woman's Idea

By BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

AFTER all it is a bourgeois business, this discussion of "equality in industry." Half the ladies concerned want to protect the poor working-girl, and the other half expect her to wave the banner of an abstract equality proclaimed by Susan B. Anthony in 1848 and sponsored by employers of labor in 1923. Each claims the right to speak for the working-girl, and each calls the other bourgeois. One denies the horrid charge on the ground that she works eight hours a day, and the other retorts that she works nine and a half. (I forget which is which.) Anyhow, it is dreadfully bourgeois to boast about how long you work, and the whole discussion, whoever may be right, is not very much a working-woman's discussion.

I do not mean to imply that working-girls are not interested in equality or not interested in protection. But they have achieved equality with men, where they have it, by protecting themselves equally with men. And in the last two months, while the discussion over equality bills rages at Albany and elsewhere, tens of thousands of working-women in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have been fighting shoulder to shoulder with men for the protection of both. In the last two months seven brilliant victories have been won by men *and* women of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, more than half of whose members are women. Every victory has doubled the union membership in the trade concerned, every victory has established an adequate program for protection, which, as it applies to men and women workers alike, is also a thoroughgoing equality bill.

The Boston cloakmakers, for instance, have lately won a strike, organizing new shops, standardizing rates in old and new, increasing shop control, and abolishing the "social-shop" evil. This is a shop run jointly by several men who do some of their own work, and hire workers as well. They have been among the worst slave-drivers in the trade.

The Philadelphia dress- and waistmakers have just won back the full union terms which they lost in last year's strike—in the days of the deflation of labor. This includes the forty-four-hour week, a wage increase, and it covers twice the former number of workers.

The New York children's dressmakers have renewed their agreement after a short strike, with a forty-four-hour week and fuller shop control. The New York house-dress and kimono workers—90 per cent of them women, by the way—have won a similar victory. The New York ladies' waist- and dressmakers—also 90 per cent women—have won the forty-hour week, with five working days, the same week rate as for forty-four hours, and a 10 per cent increase in pay.

At the end of March the white-goods workers won an "organization" strike, doubling their membership, increasing shop control, and getting full union terms, including the forty-four-hour week. There are a number of colored workers in this trade, many of them shop chairmen of mixed groups even where the whites are in the majority. Here again is equality of the concrete virile kind, not an end in itself, but a common means to a common protection. Equality of men and women, equality of blacks and whites, no condescension on the one hand, no grateful acceptance on the other. Both suffer the same conditions; both enlist in the same army; both fight for the same victory. And

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all without thinking of equality between men and women.

I do not mean to imply that the women of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union have taken any stand on the equality bills, or that working-women as a whole have done so. The Women's Trade Union League, to be sure, favors the equality bills with the exception of those which would deprive women of protection in industry, but they can hardly be said to speak for working-women as a whole, or for working-women exclusively. Nor do I assert that all women are going to win equality and protection as the garment workers have won it. It must be admitted that women do not organize as readily as men. It must be admitted that unions protect their members during industrial booms, but are sometimes helpless during industrial depressions. Protective legislation may offer a solution there, and may have its value as a temporary tiding over. But let us remember that it is not the goal. Nor is the kind of equality achieved through campaigns the ideal equality.

There was once a Negro slave in Missouri who prayed God every night for forty years to set him free, but he never won freedom until he prayed with his heels. That is the kind of protection which the organized women of the garment trades and of other trades have won. That is the working-woman's idea of protection. And in this self-protection she has won real equality with men—not the negative equality of removing legal disabilities, but an equality founded on the respect and comradeship of the men with whom she fights as a comrade. That is the working-woman's idea of equality.

The Growth of Hate

By BERTHOLD VON DEIMLING

Baden-Baden, March 10

NEWSPAPERS in the occupied region recently reported that the French commander-in-chief of the Rhine army was contemplating a survey of grounds for the practice and study of bomb-throwing. The grounds, located in the immediate vicinity of Speyer, are to be sufficiently large to make possible the simultaneous throwing of many bombs whose effects will be studied from bomb-proof observatories. For this purpose entire forests will be destroyed and many acres of the most desirable farm land will be put out of use. The owners, all small farmers, must give up their lands. The whole enterprise, a project demanding millions, will be carried on at the expense of the German republic.

At the very time, then, when in consequence of the prevailing desperate food shortage every acre is required for the cultivation of grain and vegetables, and when everywhere the idea is gaining ground that the whole world is interested in the rehabilitation of Germany, the French military command undertakes to hurl poison bombs against the exhausted, sick body of German industry!

There is much talk in France of German revenge. Only recently M. Loucheur declared in the French Chamber that France must organize a regime on the left bank of the Rhine which will enable her to sleep in peace undisturbed by fear of German revenge. M. Poincaré even suspects our national anthem, "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," of disseminating the spirit of revenge, and when last summer Field Marshal Hindenburg visited Munich and was there honored by a series of ovations and the parading before him of a few companies of the *Reichswehr*, the French press described this world-shaking event as a symbol of the impending German war of retributive vengeance. But no one knows better than Field Marshal Hindenburg that after our disarmament and the destruction of our munitions industry a German war against the French army, thoroughly equipped as it is with the means of modern warfare, is simply out of the question for any conceivable time. The German people, too, is entirely clear on the point that in its present state of military impotence it cannot engage in war. But it must at last be said with all possible emphasis—and it will be wholesome to say it emphatically so that Frenchmen may grasp the full seriousness of the situation: the German people is stirred by a profound exasperation and a sullen hate born with elementary force of wrath and shame in consequence of the oppressions, irritations, humiliations, and severities of the occupation on the Rhine and of the rigid egocentric policy of the French Government, exclusively bent as it is on the fulfilment of its treaty rights and reckless of the rights of the Germans and the conditions under which they can live. The French Government has thus become the principal cause of the complete breakdown of German finances and the German monetary standard with all its tragic train of misery and suffering.

The egocentric policy of France, pursued in contempt of the lessons of the World War, bears the germs of a new war which will transform Europe into an ash-heap. If the question as to who caused the World War is debatable, there will be no doubt as to the guilty party in the war that is coming. If the French Government should persist in its unwise policy, the masses in Germany will finally be driven to despair and the time may come when, favored by external circumstances, the idea of revenge will turn into terrible, bloody reality.

This danger threatening Europe cannot be banned by guaranties, sanctions, or seizures, nor by the separation of the Rhine region, aye, not even by the external dismemberment of Germany. One cannot permanently oppress a people of 70,000,000 and deprive it of liberty and unity. The great Napoleon could not do that, although Germany at that time was only a geographic concept. There is but one way to forestall the danger mentioned: the policy of France must aim at the gradual dissipation of the atmosphere of hate and exasperation which it has engendered.

The German is not a hater by nature. His present resentment against his western neighbor does not date from the war; it originated in the frightful oppressions of the post-war period. Just as it arose it can disappear again through the removal of intolerable wrong. The German people has demonstrated its willingness to meet its obligations within the limits of possibility.

If France would reverse the rudder of her policy and in place of force and selfish aims inaugurate with regard to Germany a policy of economic understanding and conciliation, as the lessons of the World War and its consequences impressively enough urge, the tension between the two peoples which in their economic and cultural interests depend on each other in so many ways would disappear.

However, the principal source of the prevailing bitterness lies in the occupation on the Rhine and Ruhr. The fate of Europe depends on the prompt solution of this problem. The sooner the occupation is ended, the sooner will disappear the hate and the exasperation and the spirit of revenge, and the sooner will M. Loucheur and his French compatriots again be able to sleep in peace.

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After Liberalism Had Failed

By GEORGE P. WEST

San Francisco, May 16

THE resort to a temporary stockade wherein, as I write, some four hundred striking longshoremen are imprisoned, is a measure of the bankruptcy of the Los Angeles business community in the field of industrial relations. And the harbor strike that goaded these Main Street tyrants to this final savagery is equally a magnificent demonstration that there remains in men, in one group at least, that power of resistance to oppression, that willingness to face prison in defense of their rights, which underlies all the freedom that our institutions are supposed to guarantee.

No one supposed when the I.W.W. called its nation-wide protest strike for April 26 that it would be more than a gesture—a scattered and rather feeble volley. And regardless of every other issue involved, regardless of the merits of the I.W.W. and its purposes, it is important and inspiring that the one place where the strike was entirely effective was the port of Los Angeles—the one community where legal intimidation had been carried furthest through prosecutions and prison sentences under the criminal syndicalism law. For four years the man carrying an I.W.W. card in Los Angeles has faced arrest, conviction, and long imprisonment in the State penitentiary. Of the thirty men now serving sentences under the law at San Quentin, three-fourths were convicted at Los Angeles, and as many more were on trial or waiting trial there when the present strike began.

Los Angeles indeed sponsored the law and supplied the votes and the purpose which put it on the books. And this was no hysterical demand on the part of a foolish herd. It was a deliberate policy conceived and executed by Los Angeles employers as organized in the Better America Federation and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. It was strictly an industrial policy, a belief that legal terrorism would dispose effectually of labor unrest, a belief that had always held, a belief that they had always practiced up to the limit which public opinion would tolerate, a belief on which they found themselves able to act without restraint as a result of the anti-red hysteria of 1919 and since.

When a committee of liberals asked for the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law in February, it was the shipping interests of Los Angeles that led in opposing it. The sending of a continuous stream of I.W.W. leaders to San Quentin has had as its primary object the protection of the port of Los Angeles against labor agitation. The *corpus* of their offending was not any revolutionary beliefs which they preached. It was their effectiveness as agitators and organizers among seamen and longshoremen at San Pedro. The fact that they also held socialist views and that some years ago other men belonging to the same organization had preached and practiced sabotage was merely a convenient excuse for destroying them. But as one group of leaders were taken shackled to San Quentin, sentenced to indeterminate sentences of one to fourteen years, others took their places.

Some 3,000 longshoremen answered the strike call on April 26. The port of San Pedro is twenty-three miles from Los Angeles, but the city has annexed it along with a shoe-string strip of land connecting the two communities. San Pedro has become within the past year the greatest receiving port for lumber in the country, if not in the world. Southern California is growing rapidly, and all the building material for the bungalows comes over the San Pedro docks. And the city's merchants receive a large part of their stocks by water, via the canal and San Pedro. The strike came at a time when every stick of lumber arriving by steam schooner from the north was in demand. Merchants urgently needed the goods lying in the holds of intercoastal freighters.

It was a complete tie-up. And under I.W.W. auspices. Seamen came ashore as their ships docked. Soon every berth was filled, and arriving ships began anchoring in the outer harbor. Millions of feet of lumber lay piled on their decks. Los Angeles authorities were stunned. For ten days they waited for the men to go back, refusing to take the walkout seriously, minimizing it as a flare-up. Even the *Times* had to print the fact that first of the men's demands was the repeal of the syndicalism law. There were others involving hours and wages.

Then arrests began. I.W.W. leaders went to jail to await trial for criminal syndicalism. And at the end of the ten days the men had abandoned all intention of going back to work. They held daily meetings, first in the street, and when that was prohibited, on "Liberty Hill," on land owned by a woman who sympathized with them. The captain of the harbor police had some lingering respect for law. The meetings went on until the fifteenth day of the strike. Then, doubtless in response to the swelling anger and importunity of the city's business czars, Chief of Police Oaks of the city proper took charge. A stockade was built at San Pedro and 350 men were arrested and thrown into it in one day. The following day saw the arrest of Upton Sinclair and his party. Hundreds of strike-breakers are being imported as I write.

When 3,000 men go on strike in 1923 in America, one may know without inquiring that they have more tangible and material grievances than the violation of civil liberties. It would be fantastic to suppose that a majority of the strikers are animated primarily by any passion for liberty in the abstract. But they did strike under I.W.W. auspices. They did cheer I.W.W. speakers who placed the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law first among their demands. And they have given the Los Angeles business hierarchy a plain lesson, an inspiring lesson, in the futility of prisons, in the persistence among men of the tough fiber that responds to tyranny with heroic resistance.

Liberalism meanwhile is not quite bankrupt. The Committee for the Repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law, led by Bishop Parsons of San Francisco and Chester Rowell of Berkeley, will put a competent investigator in the field and publish his report. It will show, I believe, how brutal, flagrant, and dishonest are the prosecutions and the propaganda behind them. As I write there is indication that the powerful Church Federation of Los Angeles is aroused and ready to give its undivided aid toward a repeal of the law and a mitigation of the savagery of the Los Angeles business community.

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In the Driftway

AS a rule the more recondite forms of scholarship have little interest for the Drifter. When he sees a dissertation on "The stylistic influence of the second sophistic on the panegyrical sermons of St. John Chrysostom," or "The double preterit forms *gie-gienc, lie-liez, vie-vienc* in Middle High German," he is willing to concede its importance for someone without investigation. Occasionally, however, such efforts are not without appeal even to an unprofessional person like himself. So that when a pamphlet on "E Pluribus Unum," by Monroe E. Deutsch, came to his notice he found himself reading it almost eagerly.

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OUR national motto, adorning as it does most of our silver coins and having been wrapped around the feet of innumerable painted eagles at patriotic celebrations, nevertheless has veiled its origins with some secrecy. It seems that on July 4, 1776, a date not without significance for the American people, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams, and Dr. Franklin were constituted a committee "to prepare a device for a Seal of the United States of America," and at the same time, presumably, to decide on a suitable national motto. It was Dr. Franklin's seal that was finally adopted, but the question of the motto is not so simple. With his seal Dr. Franklin had suggested "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God" (now what would Mr. Archibald Stevenson say to that?), and this phrase does appear on one side of the seal. Mr. Deutsch has gone carefully into the matter of placing "E Pluribus Unum" on the other side, and has decided that Dr. Franklin was responsible for that also, and that he took the phrase from the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the cover of which it had appeared since 1731; before that it had been carried on the cover of the *Gentleman's Journal* or the *Monthly Miscellany*, issued in London from 1691 to 1694.

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IN Virgil's Moretum appear the words "color est e pluribus unus," but as the passage deals with the making of a salad and of blending the many flavors into one, Mr. Deutsch has wisely discarded the thought that here might have been the origin of our motto. Indeed, the Drifter is not sure that the very suggestion is not libelous to our Federal Government. Aristotle in "Politics" speaks of "a combination of several parts, and one common result arising from it," an idea which Fortescue in his "De Laudibus Legum Angliae" has translated in part "ex pluribus unum." But of course the purpose of these quotations, as in all scholarly works, is merely to show what the thing is not. And after numerous digressions of this sort, Mr. Deutsch finally concedes that the *Gentleman's Journal* got the phrase from Horace's Epistle II. To be sure, Horace wrote "e (or de) pluribus una," but the idea is evidently the same. It may be that Horace made a little grammatical slip.

* * * * *

THERE, then, is the whole story. The well-known and often mispronounced motto of These United States is probably derived from a literary weekly, quoting a pagan poet. If the pagan poet could have been told that his words would be inscribed on the seal of a nation of 115 million of persons living in a part of the world of which he did not know the existence, he would have been surprised, and perhaps even incredulous.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The State Department's Russian Policy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On April 17 the Third Assistant Secretary of State wrote in answer to a letter of protest against the exclusion of Madame Kalinin that "the action of the Department is taken especially in protest against this execution" (that of Vicar Butchkavich). The writer thought that possibly the State Department had proof that the priest, Vicar Butchkavich, was executed because of his religious zeal *only*, and that in consequence any person even remotely connected with such a government should, in the judgment of Secretary Hughes, be excluded. Therefore it seemed wise to write to Secretary Hughes and ask for the proofs in his possession that the priest had been executed because of religious persecution and not for treason. The following amazing reply was received from the Third Assistant Secretary of State:

> The Department has received your letter of April 18, 1923, regarding the reported execution in Russia of Vicar General Butchkavich and the subsequent refusal to Madame Kalinin, wife of the head of the Soviet regime, of a visa to enable her to come to the United States, and in reply has to inform you that the Department's decision respecting Madame Kalinin was taken upon a consideration of the state of public opinion in this country, resulting from the Vicar General's execution, which, as stated in the Department's letter to you of April 17, 1923, rendered Madame Kalinin's presence here wholly undesirable.

In other words the Department of State protests publicly against the execution of the priest and publicly cancels the visa of a humanitarian worker on the grounds of that execution, and yet subsequently virtually admits through its silence that it has not the slightest proof that the priest was not executed for treason. On the other hand it distinctly admits that its action was taken upon a "consideration of the state of public opinion in this country" which state of public opinion the Department of State has itself helped to create. It is a merry chase. All the State Department has to do is to create a public opinion against any country and then it can debar citizens of that country because of the state of public opinion and not because of the facts. The Bolsheviks have a mystic power of making people hate them in some strange way, and in dealing with Russian affairs the State Department seems to be influenced by some subtle power of reasoning which is certainly beyond the pale of reason.

Boston, Massachusetts, May 16 J. D.

Information Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am quite ignorant of American political customs and would appreciate light on a certain subject, to wit: Was the Hon. Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, who is, I am told, a Baptist, baptized in oil?

San Francisco, May 5 A. B. CONVERSE

Wake Up, Christians!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fawning, sycophant stand of the church just before and during the Great War was as bad as it could be, for an unwavering support of President Wilson's peace policy of December, 1916, so unwavering that he would not have dared to go back on it in three months, would have kept this "most Christian nation" out of the war. But now the situation is even worse. Except from the Federation of Churches—which does not by any means include all churches and therefore leaves

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out some which will not accept any leadership but their own!—no united Christian voice has been raised against the French invasion of the Ruhr, an invasion which is sowing seeds of hate which cannot be overcome in years. The seizure of moneys, shootings, evictions, etc., constitute the armory of force which the war demonstrated to be a total failure. If by any chance actual war is averted, it will be due to the British Labor Party and the fact that the bulk of the money of the world is locked up in American banks, and not—to its shame be it said—to the united protest of the Christian world.

Where are the followers of the Prince of Peace? The only clerical voices heard, or at least quoted in the current press, are those strident advocates of force who are a disgrace to the religion they profess to follow. Their words of complaisance about the Ruhr situation are as idle as those of the pro-slavery ministers of the South before the Civil War, and only serve to emphasize their time-serving acquiescence in the condition of things as they are, without any vision of things as they should and could be by earnest and concerted action.

The only way to keep the world from plunging again into the abyss of another war that will quite destroy our boasted civilization, and the only way to stop the perfectly logical and consistent (from their standpoint) expenditure of millions (550 millions for 1923) of the Army and Navy Departments, is for the Christians of all countries to join hands with any other organizations—no matter what their names—and loudly and constantly talk peace, peace, peace. This should be done without regard to immediate consequences. There is plenty of precedent for martyrdom in jail or otherwise by Christians. Why not get back, if necessary at any cost, to those historic days, thereby following in the footsteps of the crucified Master whom we profess to serve? The alternative of the most awful and destructive war seems as sure as fate within ten years. Moreover, if we will not save ourselves, why not remember our children, those whom Christ called "blessed," who must inevitably be drawn into the maelstrom of future slaughter and annihilation?

Minneapolis, Minnesota, April 17 WM. E. LEONARD

King David in Verse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may not be familiar with the following lines which an old physician taught me on the occasion of a "minister's institute." They would seem to deserve a place in the average Sunday school as a short lesson in the higher criticism.

King David and King Solomon
Lived various kinds of lives;
They cut up various didoes
With various kinds of wives;
But when they saw death coming,
With various kinds of qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
And King David wrote the Psalms.

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, May 7 CHARLES F. DOLE

James Douglas Bruce, 1862-1923

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The small band of Arthurian scholars in the United States has suffered a great loss. James Douglas Bruce, professor of English in the University of Tennessee, who died February 14, 1923, was one of the most stalwart and indefatigable of the group. Born at Staunton Hill, Virginia, December 9, 1862, Dr. Bruce was a graduate of the University of Virginia. He pursued advanced studies at the universities of Berlin and Strassburg, and received his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins University in 1894. His dissertation, "The Anglo-Saxon Version of the Psalms," was published in that year. He became known throughout the learned world as an Arthurian scholar with the appearance of his edition of "Le Morte Arthur" in 1903. His edition of "Mort Artu" appeared in 1910, and his final edition of two Latin romances, "De Ortu Waluuanii" and "Vita Meriadoci" in 1913.

He reviewed many books for *The Nation*. By good fortune he lived to finish his largest and doubtless his most important book, and at the time of his death was engaged in reading the proof. The work will appear in two volumes, under the title, "The Evolution of Arthurian Romance."

ARTHUR C. L. BROWN

Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, April 25

Censorship and Sex

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I thank you for your admirable article Censorship? The tyrannically minded are carrying things so far, in their efforts to prevent people from doing as they want to do, that the tyrants themselves must ultimately revolt against their own restrictions, and join the crowd in demanding and permitting liberty.

The real meaning of the many sex novels—unclean books, Professor Perry calls them—is the new interest in sex, and the comparative safety in discussing it that we now enjoy. To the tyrants sex is something dark and dreadful, hardly to be whispered about, even among adults. But the rest of us are learning that the fullest joy of life is through sex, and we are growing more and more scientific in our investigation of it.

May I suggest that you give up such adjectives as "impure," "unclean," "dirty," "smutty," in connection with sex matters. You will find that these are remnants of the superstition that sex is to be feared and denounced. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

St. Louis, May 8 JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON

Lucifer to Mr. Hearst

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upton Sinclair submits the question to the readers of *The Nation* as to whether his writing for Hearst is justifiable.

If we are willing to admit that "the end justifies the means" and that we must "stoop to conquer," we may condone the act. There are plenty of high-minded men and women of undoubted talent that can be hired to write for Hearst who will salve their conscience with the argument that to reach the greatest number of readers is the real object. G. B. Shaw has done it, so have Galsworthy and others. Thin-skinned people may shudder at the proximity of buzzards, at the appalling imbecilities of the so-called "comics," and the utter vulgarity of the horrible hodge-podge; but let us not overlook the daily Biblical text that appears on the editorial page of the newspaper printed for "people who think"!

Brazen circulation is the thing that really counts!

Sulphur Springs, April 26 LUCIFER J. CALIBAN

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," was born in the State of which he writes.

BERTHA WALLERSTEIN has been an organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and has herself worked in a shirt factory.

BERTHOLD VON DEIMLING was general in command of the Fifteenth German Army Corps in the World War.

GEORGE P. WEST is engaged in writing and publicity work in California.

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Treasure

By MYLA FLETCHER

They dug into Egyptian night and brought to light of day
The mummy of an ancient king and all that with him lay,
The vanities of royal pomp, the treasures wrought of gold;
They found amid the rust and dust a story long untold.

Tomorrow, love, the hour will come when we shall cease to play
And in the silence of the tomb shall crumble into clay.
We have no golden treasure to carry to the grave,
Save this—the love you gave me and the love I gave.

Books

A Defense of Diplomacy

A History of European Diplomacy—1815-1914. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.75.

JUST now diplomacy has fallen upon evil days. There are even those who affect to believe—or do they actually believe?—that the world would be better off if diplomatists and all their works were at the bottom of the sea. At such a time Mr. Mowat rises to justify diplomatists by their works. The beneficence of their works and the morality of their official conduct commend them, he thinks, to the honest support of their countrymen. What is needed, he believes, is a knowledge of their works. To know their works is to have faith in diplomatists—hence his book.

It is something of an achievement to present in three hundred pages the tortuous course of European diplomacy through the nineteenth century, without impressing the account with all the dulness and deadness of a mechanical summary. Such an achievement is Mr. Mowat's book. The matter is grouped and proportioned with skill, and interpreted with admirable fairness and serenity of temper. The recounting is not brilliant, but it is colorful enough to make good reading, affording, incidentally, diverting and illuminating glimpses of personality and character, and of the soft and pleasant side of the diplomatist's career. The part which the baths and waters of Europe play in the high game of diplomacy becomes quite impressive. To these seductive spots diplomatists appear to be forever running to negotiate their deals or to seek surcease from care. In the latter pursuit the persistence of British diplomatists was at times too much for Disraeli. During the Russo-Turkish crisis of 1875 he wrote to Lady Bradford: "It is a strange thing that, at this moment, when so much is at stake, there is not a single ambassador in England, and throughout the whole of the Danubian troubles, not one of Her Majesty's ambassadors has been at his post. Sir A. Buchanan returned to Vienna only two days; the rest are at God knows what waters—probably Lethe."

Sins of omission are inevitable in a brief treatment of this kind. They are therefore to be overlooked, perhaps, even in the account of the critical decade preceding the World War where they appear most serious. Less excusable is Mr. Mowat's apparent failure to take such cognizance of recently disclosed evidence as one has a right to expect in a publication of 1922. One feels that he is striving to preserve an unbiased view, but is unable wholly to escape the dark war shadow of German depravity and responsibility. In his discussion of the Serbian crisis he places the German Government in the position of deliberately looking on while a great European war was in the making, and of acquiescing in the process, because it believed that "a great war was in any case inevitable," and "this was

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the best moment to have it," when Austria for once had a "strong case." In the present state of knowledge such an arraignment must be relegated to the growing mythology of the war. An unbiased study of the Kautsky and Gooss documents would surely have revealed its falsity to Mr. Mowat. Again, dealing with events following the German declaration of war against Russia, he pictures France in a state of painful indecision as to what she should do next. "Sooner or later," he continues, "France was almost certain to come into the war; but she might declare neutrality at first, and maintain it for some time." Her immediate mobilization is to be explained, he says, as a precautionary measure; her pacific intentions were revealed in the withdrawal of French troops ten kilometers from the German frontier. This picture of Gallic innocence fades under the light of the recently published Sazanov-Isvolsky correspondence. That correspondence was probably disclosed too late for Mr. Mowat's examination. It shows conclusively that Russia and France understood each other perfectly during those last critical hours; that France had informed Russia more than twelve hours before the German declaration that she had fully determined upon war; and that the withdrawal of French troops from the German frontier was a well-calculated gesture to gain time to complete French mobilization and to impress the world, and particularly Great Britain, with the pacific attitude of France.

Mr. Mowat knows the dark side of modern diplomacy. His book is proof of it. Why then his unabashed optimism which disdains even the suggestion of needed reform? If the book raises such a question it also offers a clue to its answer. If you are dubious about the British occupation of Egypt Mr. Mowat reminds you that "every government in Europe knew that Egypt required to be looked after by some one, if chaos and the most miserable oppression of the peasants were to be prevented." If you question the morality of the Anglo-French convention of 1904, which led to the swallowing of independent Morocco by the French empire, he answers that the French were "the obvious people to reform that chaotic country." If you recoil at the Anglo-Russian partition of Persia in 1907 and the later violation, by Russia, of the middle zone, whose integrity the two Powers had sworn to protect, he reassures you with the statement that "the Anglo-Russian agreement gave the unhappy and chaotic country seven years of peace and quiet." To attach the moral would be quite superfluous.

GEORGE HEDGER

Natty Bumppo's Creator

Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper. Yale University Press. $7.50.

PUBLICATION of the letters of eminent persons is best justified, perhaps, when the letters reveal inaccessible information of biographical value, or when they are in themselves of considerable literary interest either through their substance or their style. By such a criterion the "Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper" would at first seem to be of no marked merit, though, to be sure, no definitive life of Cooper has yet been written, and the present volumes do throw additional light upon his character and personality. Unfortunately many of his letters have been destroyed, and those preserved are not very colorful nor especially revealing, though they are not without interest to the student of Cooper's times or of his work. These two handsome volumes are edited by Cooper's grandson, James Fenimore Cooper, who has appended useful notes in explanation of certain of the letters or their recipients. The first section is a quaint memoir, begun in 1883, by the novelist's eldest daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, and carried by her down to the year 1828. The remainder of the collection is divided chronologically and comprises not only letters written by Fenimore-Cooper, but a considerable number written to him, some by famous personages, and others written to various friends by his wife. These latter are often of more interest than his own.

From these letters James Fenimore-Cooper (the name was made a compound one by act of legislature, though later members of the family soon left off the first part of it, and the novelist was apparently not always meticulous in using the hyphenated form) emerges a somewhat picturesque figure, ever zealous in good causes, even when they were his own, a lover of country life, good living, lively companionship, and on the whole a fair representative of the English country gentleman but moderately affected by the accident of living in America instead of in England. While he was in France or anywhere abroad he espoused America's interests with ardor and not always with becoming moderation, but when he returned to his home he was eager to point out to his fellow-citizens the merits of European culture and the superiority of European manners. A severe and not quite tactful critic of his countrymen, he found many of them resentful of his strictures, and it is evident that even without the irritation of those inevitably trying contacts with neighbors of tastes different from his own, he would hardly have been a popular man in his community. In a neighborhood not much given to the elegances of life, he was doubtless considered "high falutin'," and though one gathers from the letters an inescapable impression that he was usually fighting for his rights, the no less obvious impression is gained that he might have been wiser to allow some of them to go by default, if he wished to live neighborly in a time and place where neighborliness was highly valued. There is little doubt but that he was badly treated by the newspapers, for he nearly always won his suits against them, but at this distance it is plain that other tactics than those used by him would have served him better and would have been quite as useful to the cause of decent journalism.

There is a singular kind of contradiction in a man who while he espouses abstract causes with enthusiasm is at the same time more than commonly concerned with getting ahead in the world and making shrewd bargains for himself. He was disinterested in his attempts to clear up some moot points in our naval history, particularly in connection with Commodore Elliott's part in the Battle of Lake Erie. He was a loyal churchman, a devoted father and patriot. Moreover he was generous with those of his family connection who needed his help. Some of his pleasantest and most manly letters are those to his son. His attitude toward literature was certainly not that of an artist, though he took genuine pleasure in writing a good story, and wished to show things as they are, or as he conceived them. His opinions of his fellow literary men, however, are sometimes tinged with professional jealousy, as in what he says of Scott in the following letter to S. F. B. Morse, August 19, 1832:

"The criticisms of which you speak, give me no concern. Everything is done on calculation in France, and ever since the French revolution. The Dibels has been hinting to me that I had better change my politicks. *The Heidenmauer* is not equal to *The Bravo*, but it is a good book and better than two-thirds of Scott's. They may say it is like his if they please; they have said so of every book I have written, even *The Pilot!*"

Again, writing to his wife, November 15, 1838, he speaks of having read the Ballantyne's books: "They not only show that Scott ruined the Ballantynes, but they show that he knew the entire situation of his affairs, James Ballantyne furnishing a monthly statement to him, and they show that Mr. Lockhart is a cool, calculating knave. He lies throughout the volumes. In my opinion, they also show, though it is without effort, and incidentally, that Scott was [a] cold hearted, selfish fellow, as well as a jesuit."

There are other remarks of this tenor. His comment apropos of the death of J. J. Astor would indicate no very generous attitude toward his contemporary, Washington Irving, one of Astor's executors. He is writing to his wife, under date of April 1, 1848: "Irving is an executor, and report says with a

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legacy of $50,000. What an instinct that man has for gold! He is to be Astor's biographer! Columbus and John Jacob Astor! I dare say Irving will make the last the greatest man." Criticism of Irving's "instinct for gold" would come more gracefully from a man who was himself a less assiduous driver of bargains.

On the whole Cooper's letters are heavy, humorless, except for playful sallies to his wife (to whom they are uniformly tender and often charming), without evidence of notable insight or feeling. They are, however, the letters of an earnest, good man, always ready to fight for a principle, and a respecter of the best traditions of the race. They evoke respect rather than liking, though they show him a person of great force and dignity of character, endless energy, and views broader than those commonly held in his day. STANLEY ALDEN

Miss Macaulay in Lighter Vein

Mystery at Geneva. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

IT is at first a disappointment to find that Rose Macaulay, who can write of human beings so wisely and wittily, has chosen in "Mystery at Geneva" to write, even though here again wisely and wittily, of people in the mass rather than as individuals. She has flattened out, generalized, her satirical method, and has thus allowed herself merely to prick the surfaces into which she used to cut so deep. If, however, one is willing to forget "Dangerous Ages" and to accept the fact that this is Rose Macaulay on a literary spree, "Mystery at Geneva" becomes a delight, though rather more of a delight in its details than as a whole.

Miss Macaulay calls the book "a straightforward mystery story, devoid of irony, moral, or meaning," which, of course and happily, it is not. It is "an improbable tale of singular happenings" at some future assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva, when the more prominent representatives of the various nations disappear, mysteriously, one by one, to the utter demoralization of the assembly. The events are seen chiefly through the eyes of Henry Beechtree, press correspondent of the *British Bolshevist*, and it is this Henry who provides the second mystery which brings the story to that ending desired of mystery writers, the ending which at the same time surprises and annoys the readers who have not been clever enough to guess the secret long before. As a tale of mystification and suspense, however, "Mystery at Geneva" has little to be said for it, its tempo is too moderate, its intricacy too elementary, and as a farce or satirical romance it does not, to my mind, quite "come off." Even though the satire on man's tendency to narrow specialization, on his habit of seeing only what is in his own mind, his devotion to his own prejudice, is both amusing and acute, it leaves one with a sense of dissatisfaction, probably because anyone writing a satirical novel today is bound to face comparison with Max Beerbohm. To find fault with Miss Macaulay because she does not achieve the mood or literary flavor of "Zuleika Dobson" is perhaps unfair, because she frankly aims for a more simple, less highly colored, less subtly shaded comedy. Yet different as her mood and method may be, we miss here that constant sense of inward laughter which Beerbohm has shown can always be evoked by a skilful balance of irony and wit, comedy and caricature.

But how well Miss Macaulay does know the queer habits of men assembled in convention, how deliciously she hits off the preposterous farce of speech-making, committee meetings, round tables "(magic phrase! magic arrangement of furniture and human beings!)" of resolutions and platforms and wire-pulling! "Meanwhile the Negro Equality League wired, 'Do not forget the colored races,' and the Constructive Birth Control Society urged, 'Make the world safe from babies' (this, anyhow, was the possibly inaccurate form in which this telegram arrived), and the Blackpool Methodist Union said, 'The Lord be with your efforts after a World Peace, watched by all Methodists with hope, faith, and prayer,' and the Blue Cross Society said, 'Remember our dumb friends,' and Guatemala (which was not there) telegraphed, 'Do not believe a word uttered by the delegate from Nicaragua, who is highly unreliable.'"

One is tempted to quote again and again to show not only "the neatness of the nonsense" but also the keen insight of Miss Macaulay's behaviorist psychology and her refreshing reinterpretation of language. "Mentality: that was the word one used about Charles, as if he had been a German during the late war (Germans having, as all readers of newspapers will remember, mentalities)." Or again: "All widows are wonderful: Henry knew this, for always he had heard 'Dear so-and-so is being simply wonderful,' said of bereaved wives, and knew that it merely and in point of fact meant bereaved." With which I may hope to show that in spite of the disappointment in the book as a whole, "Mystery at Geneva" may be read, even reread, for the delight in its details, for the recurrent sparks of its darting wit. KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

The Genteel Tradition

Tradition and Progress. By Gilbert Murray. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

History and Progress and Other Essays and Addresses. By Hilda D. Oakeley. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

THE most important of truths may become platitudinous, unless revitalized with new evidence, with new and illuminating applications, or with the force of a new discovery after temporary obscurement. These groups of essays, though concerned with ideas of perennial importance, add little beside agreeable wording to their original impressiveness. The authors are among the many voices in the wilderness of mechanical "progress," crying for a return to classical ideals. Undoubtedly, a world of wars and factories is in need of rationality and harmonious beauty, but the need has been pointed out so often that, without some fire of expression or practicable scheme of realization, its further repetition is tedious. These voices are too suavely modulated to kindle enthusiasm, and sink more often into the bland facility of a commencement oration than they rise to a significant comparison of Greek and modern problems.

The volume by Hilda D. Oakeley expresses the principles that have guided a busy life in English universities and settlements: there is a blending of Greek, Christian, and German idealism to form a polite spirituality; a sense of the duty of the fortunate classes to bring culture into the lives of the poor; but there is little recognition of the harsh economic reality which hinders this benevolent ministration, and which often makes the worker accept it more with irritation than with gratitude.

The other collection achieves a similar gracefulness by skimming casually over several difficult problems of metaphysics and international policy. In dealing with Greek and Roman literature, however, the author is in command of his subject, and his defense of classical studies is the more convincing in that it comes from a man who is much more than (as he calls himself) a grammarian. Yet there is a certain irony as well, in its coming from the man whose translations have done more to make the study of Greek unnecessary than any onslaught of bread-and-butter utilitarians could possibly have accomplished. Religio Grammatici expresses his conviction that modern progress has not surpassed the spiritual creations of the past, and The Stoic Philosophy, already widely known, is a valuable corrective of the belief that stoicism was entirely grim and world-denying.

His interpretation reveals new beauties in Euripides and Ovid, and performs a grateful function of criticism—that of inciting one to return for pleasure to books once ploddingly studied through. In an age of advertising, Gilbert Murray is a most seductive press-agent for antiquity. THOMAS MUNRO

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Literary Caricatures

Literary Lights, a Book of Caricatures. By Gene Markey. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WHEN is a caricature authentic? This is a question indubitably worth looking into, but it is much easier to frame an illuminating answer if we put it in the negative, thus: When is a caricature not a caricature? It is not a caricature, one hazards, and assuredly not meet to be ennobled with the accolade of Daumier, Boz, and Beerbohm, if it in no way recalls the original; if it casts no Roentgen ray of distorted but crystallized revelation upon the character on the table; if it does not bring out in remorseless, bruised relief some typical flaw or vagary or trait in the unwitting and often unwilling sitter.

It is for this reason that a number of the black-and-white sketches in the present volume impress one as being egregiously below par; they fail to score a foible or a foppery which the bystander has notably exhumed in the originals either from hearsay or intimate acquaintance. On the jacket of "Literary Lights" the name of Max Beerbohm is invoked, but it is a name conjured up in vain, for the caricatures of Mr. Markey bear not the slightest analogy either in intent or felicity or whimsical precision of seizure to Max's inimitable work. When Max deigns to give us Swinburne or Tennyson or Rossetti or Moore or Yeats, not only is there something slyly machiavellian, steeped in caustic *diablerie*, about his portraiture, but it strikes us instantly as being pat and turned with a deft hand guided by a still defter eye. Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, and Christopher Morley, Mr. Markey seems to have caught with lucky strokes because, I daresay, he has scrutinized the originals (although I'm not quite sure) at close range. "Johnny Weaver conferring upon Johnny Farrar the Order of the Brooklyn Eagle" is a rollicking caption; the drawing above it, however, is little better than mediocre. The caricature of Heywood Broun I like; our most inveterate literary *pater familias* is quite delectably portrayed. Theodore Dreiser, Phillips Oppenheim, William Allen White, Ernest Boyd, William Rose Benét, Stephen Benét, George Jean Nathan, and Carl Van Vechten, on the other hand, strike one as simply obtuse or shallow if not flatly inane; the sketches lack pointedness, wit, and are utterly devoid of imagination.

The satire in "Literary Lights" unfortunately shares our national faint-heartedness in this scarcely exploited field; it is—and the fact is confidently blazoned on the jacket—altogether too complaisant; it lacks, in brief, both pungency and edge, although in justice to the caricaturist it should be pointed out that his ideas are several degrees more biting than his draftsmanship. Such books as "Literary Lights" are, however, to be currently welcomed even if they fall a bit short, for they undoubtedly serve to blaze the way for similar collections by our best black-and-white artists. Perhaps William Gropper, John Held, Hugo Gellert, Art Young, Hans Stengel, and Ralph Barton will shortly oblige us, as Frueh and Massaguer have already done, with volumes devoted to their own more incisive and superior work.

PIERRE LOVING

A History of Non-Violent Resistance

Non-Violent Coercion. By Clarence Marsh Case. The Century Company. $3.

THIS book is a brief history of the doctrine of non-violence from ancient saints and sages up to modern conscientious objectors and the non-cooperation movement in India. It is written from the standpoint of a scientific inquirer rather than a prophet or a propagandist. Professor Case is particularly successful in his careful definitions and in his explanation of the varying limits to which religious leaders have pushed their disbelief in violence.

The least satisfactory chapter in the book is its record of Gandhi's movement—and that movement is far and away the most significant social attempt to apply non-violent coercion for the winning of individual and of group freedom. In dealing with it the author is necessarily handicapped by distance and lack of the proper material to form a judgment on a complex situation. He probably does as well as could be expected with the material in his hand and he gives facts which Americans need to understand.

It is a pleasure to discover that an American college professor can deal so dispassionately and objectively with a question like that of conscientious objectors within less than three years after the release of the last of them from prison. Mr. Case's discussion of the subject is more valuable in portraying the psychology of objection than in suggesting a theory of the state which might obviate or diminish the problem of civil disobedience. He does seem to approve Laski's doctrine of social pluralism and his belief that "the unchanging and ultimate sanction of intellectual decision should be the conscience."

Professor Case's admirable discrimination is shown in his classification of objectors. But there is a danger of overemphasis in his contrast between "individualistic idealism" which distinguished some objectors and the group loyalty of various sects or parties. The author cites Roger Baldwin as the supreme illustration of the individualistic type, yet Mr. Baldwin's record shows that he had a social vision and a loyalty to it as compelling as that of any man who might express his belief in dogmatic terms of loyalty to sect, party, or creed. In practice it was hard for men to separate their individual idealism from their social loyalty. Most objectors, whatever reasons they assigned, were objectors because "they could not keep house with themselves and do otherwise." That is individualism. Most objectors thought they were serving a great cause. That is social idealism.

The author praises the liberality of the War Department on the excellent authority of Rufus Jones. Professor Jones as head of the organization of American Friends Service Committee was treated by Washington officials with the courtesy that his character and work deserved. But it is to be feared that the War Department's treatment of Quakers sprang less from admiration of the Quakers' religion than from appreciation of the service the Quaker unit in France was rendering not only to humanity but to civilian morale. At any rate it was in sharp contrast to the harshness wherewith absolutist objectors were treated even when those objectors were quite as sincere as Quakers. After praising the War Department Mr. Case admits that "conditions touching the conscientious objector" were not "idyllic." Such criticisms weigh but little against the merits of a book which is a pioneer in a new inquiry into the possibility and value of resistance to injustice by methods that do not involve the use of organized violence.

NORMAN THOMAS

Three Novels

The Shining Road. By Bernice Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.90.

Secret Drama. By Isabel Beaumont. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

A Pocketful of Poses. By Anne Parrish. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THESE three books illustrate two long-opposed tendencies of the novel and the possibility of a happy reconciliation between them. "The Shining Road" is a simple narrative, the characters of which reveal themselves by action. In "Secret Drama" the action is mental, finding expression for the most part in glances and gestures—the method of the "psychological" novel. And in "A Pocketful of Poses" this analytic method is whimsically applied to the straight story form.

"The Shining Road" presents that never-failing appeal to sentimentality, the tale of a country boy's struggle for success. The prescribed types, obstacles, and virtues are mingled by the author as a novice mixes a cake according to recipe. There is

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the same earnest effort that adds pathos to but cannot atone for a stupidity the extent of which it does not know. The structure of the novel also has been learned and written by rote: each chapter has its mild beginning, its struggle, climax, surprise, and happy end. But if the structure of "The Shining Road" is amusingly transparent, that of "Secret Drama" is too deeply hidden. There are crises in the book—though not a climax—but they lose in dramatic effect because they are practically continuous. The reader's fund of emotional response, even of careful attention, is exhausted long before the end by the reiterated cries, which, passionate or plaintive, strangled or sharp, all sound the same note. The principal characters are women, morbid and strikingly unpleasant; one only—the mother—attaining to tragedy and winning now and then a momentary sympathy. In spite of his distaste, however, the reader soon finds himself fettered in the atmosphere of turgid silence and compelled to share the melodramatic introspection. They are like people in a nightmare—veiled by sleep, but real. They are observed with rigorous accuracy, revealed by an amazingly acute intuition; the sharpness of the individual analyses is blurred only because they are too closely massed.

"A Pocketful of Poses" is an unfortunate title, for who, reading as he runs—as the majority of people have to read—will not mistake it for "A Pocketful of Posies"? The book itself misses being a saccharine old-fashioned garden romance as unexpectedly as the title avoids coyness, and the reader regards his own narrow escape as a clever escapade of the author's. Her mischievousness is manifest; its constructiveness becomes more and more apparent. She has written the clean story with the sweet heroine, and satirized it, not with malice, but with gaiety. It is really no more than an abandoning of the serious airs, the aping of realism, that makes commonly this type of fiction a burlesque; here it is turned into a game, the hokum becomes humor, and it emerges as realism! Romantic realism, of course, for all the devices of the sentimental story are employed. The heroine is as charming as she should be, but very well aware of it: and it is this same sophistication, this smiling analysis, that makes the book the pretty hoax and pleasure-giving performance it is.

EVA GOLDBECK

Blunt's Poems

Poems. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. FLOYD DELL made this selection from the poems of the late Wilfrid Blunt after securing Mr. Blunt's full approval. The selection could hardly be bettered. It is by his "love poems" and his political verse that Blunt is remembered. The poems of English country life are of small importance and have no place here. When some twenty-five years ago William Ernest Henley and George Wyndham (whom Mr. Dell, with rather amusing patronage, calls "the well-meaning editors"), made a selection from the poems they eliminated from their anthology all the political poems, thinking that their presence in the book would ruin its chances of popular approval. Perhaps—in 1898. Moreover Henley rigorously censored the poems on other grounds. In the collected edition of 1914 Blunt supplied a preface in which he wrote: "It is no more than the truth to say that I hold it to be a point of honor to retain, as I do in the present edition, the whole original text at whatever disadvantages." It was in this edition that Blunt first restored the excised stanzas of Esther and reprinted the political poems, The Wind and the Whirlwind and Satan Absolved. All three poems are included in Mr. Dell's selection. I suppose Mr. Blunt's own suppression of the early Songs of Proteus made it impossible to include any of them; and the absence of the later song O Fly Not, Pleasure is to be regretted. Otherwise the volume is admirably representative of the political and amatory themes which make up the best part of Blunt's work, while The Wisdom of Merlyn is the best expression of his mature philosophy. Those who know Blunt as a political agitator and propagandist in his active life and in the pages of the five parts of his journals will find that the poet harmonizes completely with the man of action. In both sides of his nature there is the same fearless and rebellious spirit and the same pitiless sincerity.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

A Chinese Poet

The Works of Li Po, the Chinese Poet. Done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

MOST pertinently can one point to the original verses of Li Po and say, Read them and weep. Here is another "heathen Chinee" quite capable of slipping a spondee and a tribrach out of his spacious sleeve to beat our straight iambus.

Li Po has had full measure of recognition in China and from students of Chinese literature. His work captures the imagination not only through the grace, the power, and the wisdom of its varied moods, but also in the same way that the Grecian urn and the picture screen "tease us out of thought," for it, too, immortalizes a vanished world. Moreover, the man who reveals himself so naively and so completely in these verses is a lovable being. A Samuel Johnson, unburdened by authority or lexicography, he revels in his knowledge of life and his joy at living. He sings to his tavern as Heine sang to the "Ratskeller zu Bremen," and he sings the maid of Wu.

"Wine of the grapes,
Goblets of gold—
And a pretty maid of Wu—
She comes on pony-back: she is fifteen.
Blue-painted eyebrows—
Shoes of pink brocade—
Inarticulate speech—
But she sings bewitchingly well.
So feasting at the table
Inlaid with tortoise shell,
She gets drunk in my lap.
Ah, child, what caresses
Behind lily-broidered curtains!"

And then, as Mr. Obata points out in his comprehensive introduction, there is the inevitable pessimism of an old world. "Thus it is that a pensive mood pervades his poetry, and many of his Bacchanalian verses are tinged with melancholy. Even when he is singing exultantly at a banquet table, his saddest thought will out, saying 'Hush, hush! All things pass with the waters of the east-flowing river.'"

Throughout the book we feel the true consonance of translator and author. We need not the scholar to inform us that Mr. Obata gives an ungarbled version of fine song; it sounds too intimate to be incorrect.

"Blue water . . . a clear moon . . .
In the moonlight the white herons are flying.
Listen! Do you hear the girls who gather water-chestnuts?
They are going home in the night, singing."

Here he is as translucent as blue water, and in this other fragment as somber as a river in cold moonlight.

"A lovely woman rolls up
The delicate bamboo blind.
She sits deep within,
Twitching her moth eyebrows.
Who may it be
That grieves her heart?
On her face one sees
Only the wet traces of tears."

Obviously free though his medium is, it is not uncontrolled. These poems are neither loose-jointed nor overladen. The writer is careful and frugal and sufficient.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

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Drama

Twilight

IN May some giant should come and snuff out the thousand lights of Broadway. You would never believe in May that every theater had its origin in religious symbolism and that all drama strives, from its very nature, toward the metaphysical. What happens is this: You are invited to the first "birthday party" of "Abie's Irish Rose"; "Papa Joe" draws, in the pleasant phrase, crowded houses; "The Cat and the Canary" comes back to town for a second engagement. The drooping critics still tramp from playhouse to playhouse. But they are visibly getting dismal. If this were the theater no one but a moron could drag through a season.

The theater should be heroic. This has nothing to do with substance. It has to do with the depth, passion, valiancy of the dramatist's mind. "Loyalties" was heroic; "Rain" was heroic; "The Adding Machine" was heroic. "The Adding Machine" goes off this Saturday night; "So This is London" and "Morphia" remain.

The theater should be stirring. The Babbitts think it should be soothing. No, they only think they think so. If they had to attend a hundred plays a season, even they would discover certain fundamental truths about the theater. It is tragic that an average orchestra seat costs in the neighborhood of three dollars. It prevents frequent attendance at the theater by any but the plethoric and impenetrable. If clerks and teachers and workers and mechanics could go to the theater on an average of once a week, sugary and soothing plays would be swept off the boards. No decent human being can live on sweets. One would have to offer the public if not bread and wine at least crackers and cheese. Even the candy couldn't be the cheap painted stuff it is today. Even common minds are capable of nausea.

Heroic and stirring! If the drama is not that, if it is not the concentrated essence of human experience passionately flung forth under the urge of an impulse at once creative and philosophic—then it is nothing. If the theater is anything but the vehicle and instrument of this art—this heroic and stirring art—it is too trivial for any real adult's concern. Let us fear the treacle of the gutter stage; let us fear more that tepid hybrid, the "instructive" and "educational" drama; let us fear most the drama as well as the dramatic criticism of "pattern" and mere shallow mood—the theater of artfulness and knowingness and self-conscious pseudo-sophistication. There is the pose of elegant worldliness. Everything elemental is *vieux jeu;* let us have another absinthe frappée. There is the pose of drained exquisiteness: Once we saw Duse, ah . . . In what? She had no make-up on! This with bated breath. Let us be honest. A wilderness of Duses is of no importance unless the play she played in was of profound import to human life and thought. Would you leave a comfortable chair to hear even Kreisler play the compositions of Friml or Romberg? The great interpreter becomes significant only through the significance of the thing interpreted. The theater, I repeat, is naught unless it is stirring and heroic.

Had the Negro Players had a great play to act in, perhaps they would not have failed so pitifully. "Salome" has a touch of at least aspiration after profundity and passion; "The Comedy of Errors" is inconceivably trivial as well as inconceivably faded. It is what may be called the little theater fallacy of artfulness that led to its production. The players struggled not without skill, not without intelligence or charm. But the silly quips and withered jests and feeble horse-play would have paralyzed the effectiveness of any group of actors. I hope that some one will write plays for these players. Why should they too be sacrificed to one of the shabbiest superstitions of the dominant race—the superstition of the plenary inspiration of all English writing between 1557 and 1616? Dryden's "Indian Emperor" would have been better.

To "The Comedy of Errors" I frankly and indeed passionately prefer Al Jolson in "Bombo." That is, at least, the tomfoolery of today. The quips are fresh and comprehensible. They are local and funny. At this moment—the whole thing doesn't pretend to outlast the moment—this agreeable nonsense has its aspects of amusing significance. In what other city in the world in any other age could you have met with this phenomenon: a black-faced comedian brings the house down with—Yiddish jokes! And Jolson must be black-faced. When he washes his face he becomes common and uninteresting. With his make-up on he is a clown and *farceur* of the first order—spontaneous, zestful, bright, enormously resourceful. His mock pathos is beyond all the imitation rubies of the popular plays. At the Winter Garden one can laugh without shame.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Among the Best

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International Relations Section

"Protecting the Republic"

THE German Law for the Protection of the Republic of July, 1922, was passed during the Bavarian crisis and was intended to facilitate repression of anti-republican and monarchist revolutionaries. Its stringent regulations have in practice, however, been directed against the revolutionaries of the Left. The recent suppression of the *Rote Fahne*, Germany's leading communist daily, for two weeks, because of abusive expressions far milder than those daily employed by the Stinnes Government, reveals how far the Cuno Government has moved to the Right.

CHIEF OF POLICE, SECTION Ia
670 IA—3, 23

Berlin, April 7, 1923

TO THE PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS OF THE DAILY PAPER THE *Rote Fahne* (THE *Red Flag*) AND OF ITS MONDAY EDITION,
FRIEDRICHSTR. 225, 3D FLOOR
BERLIN

In accordance with paragraphs 21 and 17, taken in relation to paragraph 8, section 1, of the Law for the Protection of the Republic of July 21, 1922, I forbid the publication of the daily paper the *Rote Fahne* and of its Monday edition for the period of two weeks, from April 8 to April 21, inclusive.

Complaint against this prohibition may be entered within two weeks from the day of its promulgation. It should be presented if possible with two copies, and its presentation will not postpone application of the penalty.

The *Rote Fahne* and its Monday edition have recently repeatedly abused and libeled the imperial Government and the Prussian State Government. Among other things it has accused the Cuno Government of "stage play" (No. 70), of preparing war against the Saxon proletariat with "legal humbug" (No. 74), and of being in a state of "utter instability," and has asserted that its statements were intended only as "blue smoke" (No. 73). It has stated "that the Cuno Government has lost even that part of its prestige which it had hitherto used as a reply to the accusation of corruption—the success of its tricks of financial politics," and that it would soon "stand there, as weak-winged as a plucked bird" (Monday edition, No 14). Chancellors Cuno and Poincaré were "doing constable duty for each other" (No. 66). Chancellor Cuno in No. 62 is put on a level with "tax-dodgers," "aniline-dyed percentage patriots," and with "upright grain gamblers." In No. 71 the following statement is made: "Cuno dances to the tune of heavy industry, of the bankers, and of the junkers." Similarly Secretary Luther is called "the food minister of the junkers" (No. 75). The attacks upon the Prussian Minister of the Interior, particularly in the article Severing's Bloody Easter (No. 78), are also abusive and libelous. In other places it is stated that "the sly peasant Mr. Severing" whose "façade as a protector of the republic is all too thin" (No. 70) "provoked the butchery of 1921 with refined calculation" (Monday, No. 12), that in his "invasion of the Suhl region" he had shown as little respect for the housing crisis "as the French in the Ruhr" (No. 75), that he was "frantic to destroy the security of the German working class" (No. 75), and that his "entire campaign against the Fascist bands was only a bluff" (No. 70).

That this abuse and libel is not really directed against the individual ministers attacked but against the general system cannot be doubted, nor that these continued personal attacks are also an attack upon the present republican form of the state, which intrusts the administration of government to these ministers. (Cf. the decisions of the state court of October 9, 1922—St. R. 305 and St. H. V. 8. 22.) This is evident from the fact that the *Rote Fahne* and its Monday edition continually degrade the German Republic as such; further from the fact that the *Rote Fahne* continually appeals for the removal of the present Government and the substitution of a revolutionary workers' government and for the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In connection with attacks on the republic as such, attention is called primarily to Frölich's article What We Owe to the Revolution (Monday, No. 12), to the article The Power of Feeling (Monday, No. 13), and to isolated expressions, such as that "it is incapable of securing the independence and autonomy of the state" and that it lives as an "entente colony." Appeals to substitute a workers' dictatorship for the republican Government are found, among other places, in No. 73, and repeatedly in 68 and 74 of the *Rote Fahne*. (Signed) WEISS

Bombing Hottentots

THE Haitian delegate in the Assembly of the League of Nations aroused a storm last September by charging that the South African mandataries for former German Southwest Africa had killed several score women and children in using airplane bombs to suppress a native rebellion. This rebellion, it was said, was stirred by resentment against a very high dog tax which was said to have been avowedly imposed in order to force lazy natives to abandon hunting and work on the white men's farms. After some discussion the proposal to name a League commission to investigate was abandoned, pending the report of a commission already named by General Jan Smuts, Premier of South Africa. The commission consisted of Senator A. W. Roberts, Dr. C. T. Loram, and General L. A. S. Lemmer. Its terms of reference, under date July 20, 1922, were as follows: (1) The causes of the Bondelzwart rebellion and any features in regard to the manner of its suppression to which the commission wishes to draw the attention of the Government; (2) whether and to what extent the rebellion was influenced from the Union side of the Orange River; (3) suggestions for any remedial action in respect of (1) and (2).

The report substantially corroborates the charges made by the Haitian delegate but condones the facts. The dissenting comments of General Lemmer are particularly revealing. Extracts from a summary of the report, published in the *Cape Times* (Capetown) for April 11, follow:

The Bondelzwarts are a tribe of Hottentots more or less pure, who migrated from the Cape Colony into the Warmbad district of Southwest Africa about the end of the eighteenth century. . . .

Owing probably to the nature of the country, the Bondelzwarts were a nomadic pastoral people. They erected temporary huts near the few water holes, and they grazed their stock, principally goats with a few head of cattle, until the pasture was exhausted, when they migrated to another place. They were fond of hunting, and with numerous mongrel dogs roamed the country in pursuit of game. They considered themselves the equals of white men, and were unwilling to accept the position of a servile race. For the white man they had a deep distrust, dating from the time when they first came into contact with the European. This distrust was intensified by the way in which the European occupation of the land had driven them further and further north to the rocky country in which they now live. As laborers they were poor material, and it is not surprising that the European farmers did not consider them worth the small wage they received. . . .

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ECONOMIC PRIZES

Twentieth Year

IN order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman
Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University
President Edwin F. Gay, New York Evening Post
Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Washington, and
Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Columbia University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1924 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field.

Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it.

1 A Survey of the World's Cotton Situation
2 The Theory and Practice of Ship Subsidies
3 The Sales Tax
4 The Theory and Practice of Unemployment Insurance
5 What Conditions Limit the Amount of Wages That Can Be Paid?
6 A Comparison of Business Cycles in the United States, Great Britain and Canada

Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Class A includes any residents of the United States or Canada, without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set.

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are offered to contestants in Class A

A First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars, and
A Second Prize of Two Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1000 and $500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English and, although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, together with any degrees or distinctions already obtained. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1924, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, ESQ.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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The following is a summary of the commission's conclusions:

1. By reason of their characteristics, traditions, and history the Bondelzwarts have never easily adjusted themselves to a position subordinate to the white man, and trouble with them because of this might reasonably be expected by any administration. . . .

2. Their treatment under the German rule aroused among the Bondelzwarts a deep resentment which at times showed itself in rapine and rebellion. The success of the British arms in the Great War aroused extraordinary hopes of improved conditions for them as a tribe, including the restoration of their country. When these hopes, some of which were unreasonable, were not realized, a part of their anger against the Germans was directed against the British.

3. The change from the strictness of the German regime to the personal freedom of the British rule was probably too great and too sudden, especially as adequate steps were not taken to make the Bondelzwarts realize the obligations that their new freedom entailed.

4. There was a lack of a consistent policy in respect of the return of Bondelzwarts to the territory, and it is quite possible that the permission given to Jacobus Christian and other Bondelzwarts to return to and remain in the country encouraged Abraham Morris [the leader of the revolt] to make a similar attempt.

5. The relationship between the Bondelzwarts and the police was unsatisfactory, the latter regarding the former as insolent and lazy, while in the eyes of the Bondelzwarts the police were unnecessarily severe and harsh. This relationship accounted for the mistrust of the police shown by the Bondelzwarts throughout their history, and the want of success following on the use of police officials as negotiators.

6. The Bondelzwarts were deeply irritated by the following facts and incidents which they regarded as serious grievances:

(a) The unwillingness of the administration to depart from the boundary conditions imposed upon the Bondelzwarts by the German Government and accepted by them. The commission cannot find anything unjust or blameworthy in the action of the administration in this matter.

(b) The imposition of an extraordinary high dog tax, designed partly to compel them to come out to work instead of depending upon their dogs to find them sustenance. The commission regards the tax as unnecessarily high, and deprecates any measures directly or indirectly meant to compel labor.

(c) The attempt to require the Bondelzwarts to provide branding irons at a cost of 30s., and the unwillingness to allow the natives to retain their irons or to brand their cattle themselves seems unwise to the commission.

(d) Owing to a variety of causes, including the poverty of farmers and the unreliable nature of the Bondelzwarts laborer, the relationship between the European employer and the Hottentot servant was far from satisfactory. . . .

6. (a) General Lemmer wishes to make the following remarks on Section 6: "I am of opinion that the following facts and incidents were used by the leaders of the Bondelzwarts as a means of exciting unrest among the tribe: (a) The Boundary Question.—In regard to this I agree with my colleagues that the administration was neither unjust nor blameworthy. (b) The Dog Tax.—In regard to this I do not consider it was imposed with the special object of compelling the Bondelzwarts to come out to work, nor do I consider it too high for hunting dogs. (c) The Retention by the Authorities of the Branding Irons.—In regard to this I do not consider that this was a justifiable cause of complaint, as no practical inconvenience would be occasioned by the procedure, which was in the interests of the tribe itself, and is regarded as advisable by the officer in charge of native affairs. (d) The Relationship Between the European Masters and Their Bondelzwarts Servants.—In regard to this, I agree with my colleagues that the farmers are suffering from the economic position and that the Bondelzwarts is an unreliable laborer, and, in my opinion, probably worth only the small wages he earns. I doubt whether the Bondelzwarts, in their present environment, will ever change their characteristics. (e) The Poverty of the Bondelzwarts.—In regard to this, I consider it is largely, if not wholly, due to the Bondelzwarts themselves, who are temperamentally lazy and lacking the stimuli to improve their position." . . .

12. The events leading up to the first clash of forces induce the belief that the Bondelzwarts did not intend to conduct an aggressive war against the authorities. There was in the actions of the Bondelzwarts an absence of murder, arson, and other forms of violence which have been a feature in most Kaffir wars, and in the former dealings of these Hottentots with the Europeans.

12. (a) (General Lemmer wishes to make the following remarks on Section 12: It may be true that there was an absence of murder, arson, and other forms of violence, but this, in my opinion, was only due to the fact that no resistance was offered when they began to loot for arms and provisions. The Bondelzwarts certainly took the aggressive in the opening stages, and had their military plans not failed, a long and aggressive guerrilla warfare might have been the result.) . . .

15. At Warmbad there was very clear evidence that prisoners were flogged in gaol.

18. The commission thinks that some warning should have been given to the Bondelzwarts at Guruchas of the intention of the administration to use aeroplanes, and should have been accompanied by a formal demand for surrender. Such a warning would have enabled a separation in the fighting men from the women and children to be effectively made, and might have brought about the surrender of the native forces.

18. (a) General Lemmer desires to make the following remarks on Section 18: I cannot agree with the conclusions in this paragraph; I have given my reasons fully in Paragraph 116 (a) of Chapter IV, namely: (i) Severe fighting in which the administration's forces had suffered loss of life had already taken place, the Bondelzwarts were to be encircled and this must be done rapidly, with the least possible additional loss. (ii) It was not known that women and children were mixed up with the fighting men. (iii) Abraham Morris was well acquainted with the usages of war as waged by the British, and should have separated the women and children, knowing that they would be safe. (iv) The aeroplanes circled over the area before bombing took place, stock was bombed before the positions occupied by the Bondelzwarts were attacked, and they saw the power of the aeroplanes, so they could then or later on by means of a white flag have obtained safety for the non-combatants. (v) The aviators presumed that the women and children were in their huts when the aeroplanes passed over Haib and Guruchas. (vi) After having been bombed in the afternoon, the Bondelzwarts preferred to escape at night, and this shows that a warning and a request to surrender would not have induced them to lay down their arms in the afternoon. . . .

25. The whole native problem, not only as it affects the Bondelzwarts, but as it exists throughout the territory, requires the most careful and exhaustive examination, in order to bring it into harmony with the idea that the native is a sacred trust to the mandatary state.

25. (a) General Lemmer desires to make the following remarks on Section 25: An inference which may perhaps be drawn from this section is that the natives are not being treated as they should be in a mandated territory, and I wish to avoid any misapprehension in so far as I am concerned. The commission has not inquired into the native situation as a whole, since it was not requested to do so, and any information or evidence which might bear on it was obtained quite casually in the course of its investigations into the specific matters with which it was asked to deal. From the very cursory knowledge which I have thus obtained, I do not feel justified in saying that the native situation is not in harmony with the idea that the native is a sacred trust of the mandatary state.

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